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OWW Our Working World

Neighborhoods

SCRIPTBOOK

by Lawrence Senesh

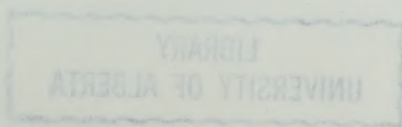
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NOTE TO THE TEACHER

This scriptbook contains scripts for the nineteen recorded lessons in Grade 2, along with a suggested activity for each lesson and the music and lyrics of the theme song for this collection, "Friendly Neighbors" (pp. 6-7). With this scriptbook, you can preview each play and become familiar with its action, characters, and setting before presenting it in class. (Playing times for each script are indicated in the table of contents.) The scriptbook can be used also for review purposes and to assist in class discussion of the major idea of a lesson.

Perhaps your students may choose to role-play some of the situations depicted, or to develop sociodramas of their own, based on what they have heard. If so, the scriptbook can be a handy reference.

The suggested activity for each recorded lesson contains three parts: (a) a statement of the major idea upon which the lesson is based, (b) a set of questions for discussion or a description of an activity or a project appropriate to the lesson, (c) a statement of the outcome of the activity so that you can evaluate your students' understanding of the major idea or their performance of a relevant activity.

The Teacher's Resource Guide shows the relationship of the activity to the overall chapter strategies of *Neighborhoods*. Remember that the suggested activity is only one approach to the lesson. You may wish to develop other approaches.

The first record, or cassette, begins with a brief introductory section which includes the theme song. All the stanzas of the song are sung, the students are encouraged to sing along, and then the final stanza is repeated. You may want to introduce each "listening session" with the theme song.

We have provided a chart to help you locate material quickly whether you have the recorded lessons on discs or on cassette-tapes. The sides of the disc or cassette are indicated in Roman numerals, with the separate "bands" or tape segments designated by capital letters. The individual chapters appear in Arabic numerals to coincide with the chapters of the textbook. For example, III C 9 indicates the third side of a disc, the third band, and the Chapter 9 story. In cassette form, this is V B 9—the fifth side, the second tape segment, and the chapter numeral.

Discs			Cassettes		
I	A	Intro*	I	A	Intro*
	B	1		B	1
	C	2**	II	A	2**
II	A	3		B	3
	B	4	III	A	4
	C	5		B	5
	D	6	IV	A	6
III	A	7		B	7
	B	8	V	A	8
	C	9		B	9
IV	A	10	VI	A	10
	B	11		B	11
	C	12	VII	A	12
	D	13		B	13
V	A	14	VIII	A	14
	B	15		B	15
	C	16	IX	A	16
VI	A	17		B	17
	B	18	X	A	18
	C	19		B	19

The asterisks designate special material which has been separated from the lessons for emphasis. This material (with playing times indicated) includes:

* "Friendly Neighbors" (1:17, introduction; 2:02, theme song).

** A musical interlude in the Chapter 2 lesson which describes the building of a suburb called Rockbrook (4:05, story; 1:15, music; 1:46, story).

The use of "lock grooves" on the discs and "audible beeps" on the cassette-tapes alerts you to the completion of the lesson. Another useful signal is the theme song, a small portion of which appears both at the beginning and at the end of each lesson.

The scripts are either newly-created for this edition of OUR WORKING WORLD or substantially revised from the prior edition. Interviews with famous people are a special feature of Grade 2. These noteworthy figures include Walter Gropius, the architect; Herman Badillo, the Congressman; O. W. Wilson, the police superintendent; George Washington Carver, the scientist; John Dewey, the educator; and a Mystery Guest in Chapter 19. The actors in this series are members of the High Tor Repertory Company; the producer is Datus Productions, New York.

Chapter 1: Urban Neighborhoods

NOISES IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD

To sense the sounds and the feelings of neighborliness that exist in many big city neighborhoods, the students can listen to the recording “Noises in the Neighborhood.” Encourage them to close their eyes and imagine they are accompanying Mr. Casey on his mail route. Have them pay particular attention to two elements in the story. First, they should keep track of the different sounds that represent activities in the big city. Second, they should identify remarks between Mr. Casey and people in either the neighborhood where he lives or where he works that demonstrate a feeling of neighborliness. Afterward discuss these elements.

As a result of this activity the students should be able to compile two lists, one of activities common to big city neighborhoods as represented by the sounds and a second relating to neighborly actions.

CAST: NARRATOR
MR. CASEY
MRS. ROSSI

MRS. GRUBAKER
MRS. BRUNO
JENNY

NARRATOR: Mr. Casey knows the people in this neighborhood, as well as he knows the people in his own. He has been delivering mail to people who live on these streets for many years.

NARRATOR: Today, we are going to walk along with Mr. Casey. He's a mailman. He lives in one city neighborhood and works in another. Early each morning, he leaves his apartment house, uptown. Other people in his neighborhood are getting ready for a new day: sweeping the street . . .

CASEY: Good morning to you, Mrs. O'Riley.

NARRATOR: Pulling the trash cans to the edge of the curb. Later, the sanitation men will empty them.

CASEY: A fine day we're having, Mr. Murphy.

NARRATOR: The children are out early too—and starting off to school.

Every morning, Mr. Casey walks to the elevated train station . . . and travels the length of the city in almost no time at all. After he gets off the train, it's only a short distance to the local post office . . . where he checks in and picks up his mailbag full of letters and small parcels to deliver to the families along his route . . . and in this neighborhood, too, children are going to school—hurrying now—

CASEY: Get along there, Tony! It wouldn't do to be late!

CASEY: It'll be seventeen years, come next month—and if anyone knows this neighborhood, every family in every house on my route, it'll be me! New people move in, of course, but I get to know them before their next-door neighbors do. And then there are the families that leave, like Mr. and Mrs. Schultz, who retired to Florida last year. Their old neighbors still live here. They tell me how the Schultzes like Florida. And the Ramirez girl—she sent me an invitation to her wedding in California.

A fine day to you, Mrs. Rossi.

ROSSI: Good morning, Mr. Casey.

CASEY: Hmm, haven't heard that sound in your building, lately. Is it—

ROSSI: Yes, indeed it is—the Santinos' new baby you hear. And this time a little boy. The neighbors had a big surprise party for Mrs. Santino. We all brought gifts for the new little one. The Santinos—they were surprised!

CASEY: The guitar—all day the guitar. Jimmy's got together a music group—all neighborhood boys—they call themselves the Gumdrops. I tease him. I ask him, “Why not some good Irish songs?”

FRIENDLY NEIGHBORS

Lyrics—Leon Trachtman

Music—Elva S. Daniels

1. It's on-ly friend-ly
2. It may be on the

The first system of musical notation for the song 'Friendly Neighbors'. It consists of a treble and a bass staff. The treble staff contains two lines of lyrics: '1. It's on-ly friend-ly' and '2. It may be on the'. The music is in a key with one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature. The melody is simple and catchy, with a repeating pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes.

neigh - bors who make a friend-ly place. And who would like a
prair - ie it may be near the shore. It may be on a

The second system of musical notation. The treble staff continues the melody with the lyrics 'neigh - bors who make a friend-ly place. And who would like a' and 'prair - ie it may be near the shore. It may be on a'. The bass staff provides a simple harmonic accompaniment.

neigh-bor-hood with-out a friend-ly face? I've searched the world both
coun-try road or near the cit - y's roar. It may be hot it

The third system of musical notation. The treble staff continues the melody with the lyrics 'neigh-bor-hood with-out a friend-ly face? I've searched the world both' and 'coun-try road or near the cit - y's roar. It may be hot it'. The bass staff continues the accompaniment.

high and low, from my tip top head to my tip tip toe, The
may be cold or it may be new or it may be old, The

The fourth system of musical notation. The treble staff continues the melody with the lyrics 'high and low, from my tip top head to my tip tip toe, The' and 'may be cold or it may be new or it may be old, The'. The bass staff continues the accompaniment.

rit.

most im - por - tant thing I know, is hav - ing friend - ly neigh - bors.
 most im - por - tant thing I'm told, is hav - ing friend - ly neigh - bors.

CHORUS

a tempo

Friend - ly neigh - bors, make a friend - ly

place. Who wants to live in a neigh - bor - hood with -

out a friend - ly face? face?

That'll be Father Ryan. No better man anywhere than Father Ryan. He does almost as much walking around this neighborhood as I do—and that is no little amount!

Oh, wouldn't there be a complaining if the sanitation men didn't pick up! But a driver gets stuck behind one of their trucks and leans on his horn.

Now the firemen, that's something else—they have a reason for blowing that siren! They need to get where they're going in a hurry.

GRUBAKER: Mr. Casey? You have a letter for me today—a letter from my son Michael?

CASEY: No, not today, Mrs. Grubaker.

GRUBAKER: He promised to write—he promised me, but I never get the letter. You check to see, maybe it is lost at the post office, Mr. Casey.

CASEY: I'll do that, Mrs. Grubaker. Maybe tomorrow, it will come.

GRUBAKER: Yes—maybe tomorrow.

CASEY: Hello, Mrs. Bruno. Here's some letters for you.

BRUNO: Thank you, Mr. Casey. You have any mail for the Puccinis? I will take it for them. They are staying with us for a while, Mr. Casey.

CASEY: You don't say.

BRUNO: Terrible, Mr. Casey, terrible! They had to move out of their basement apartment in the middle of the night. The big water pipe burst and flooded them out—beds, chairs, everything wet—almost a foot of water on the floor before they found out what was wrong. Such a mess!

CASEY: Tch, tch. Yes, here's one for Mr. Puccini. I hope everything will be all right for them soon, but they are lucky to have good neighbors.

That's Mr. Biancomano. He's running for assemblyman in this district. Party workers drive those loudspeaker trucks all over the city. City elections

are coming up in November and this is a good way of letting people hear what the candidates have to say. You have to hear it, if you want to or not!

On a nice warm day like this the ladies get out of their warm apartments and sit down here on the stoop to pass the time of day.

Oops—there, caught it! Not so bad for an old feller. There, Sammy, don't hit those balls over the playground fence. It's a fine way to lose 'em.

JENNY: Mr. Casey, Mr. Casey! Did you bring a letter from my pop today?

CASEY: I think I did, Jenny. Yes, I'm sure I did.

JENNY: Thanks, Mr. Casey! Hey, Rosa!

NARRATOR: All through the day, Mr. Casey delivers the mail to families who live in this downtown neighborhood, far away from his own neighborhood uptown. When he finishes his first delivery of the day, he returns the way he came, stopping at the U.S. mailboxes along his route to pick up the outgoing letters. By the time he gets back to the post office building, his mailbag is full of letters to be posted. Then he goes out again with a new sack of mail—letters and parcels from all over the United States, and some from faraway countries, addressed to persons in the neighborhood. It is almost evening when he is finished with the last mail delivery. And then, in no time at all, he is back in his own neighborhood. His steps are a little slow now. He is tired.

At dusk, the sparrows in the small park nearby get ready for nighttime. After supper, on warm evenings, Mr. Casey sits by his open window, in his easy chair, and reads his evening newspaper. Other families are listening to the radio or record players, or watching their TV sets. Somewhere a party is going on. Mr. Casey's head nods; he is napping. And then, suddenly, he wakes up again.

CASEY: Now who would that be coming home? Little Susie, grown up now, she is! Sure it's time I should be getting meself to bed.

NARRATOR: Good night, Mr. Casey. And good-bye for today, boys and girls.

Chapter 2: Suburban Neighborhoods

ISLAND OF HOMES

To discover that the growth of suburban neighborhoods has caused many changes in land use, the students can listen to the recording "Island of Homes." Since this story is divided into three parts, you may wish to discuss each part immediately after it is heard. Use these questions as a guide:

- *Part 1:* Why do people move to suburbs? Usually, what was the land used for before the suburb was built? Why did the farmers sell their land?
- *Part 2:* What specialists are needed to build a suburban neighborhood? What are the different kinds of buildings and land uses found in a suburban neighborhood?
- *Part 3:* What were some of the differing feelings people had about a factory being built in Rockbrook?

As a result of listening to this three-part reading the students should be able to list several reasons why people wish to live in suburbs and what changes should occur in their neighborhoods.

CAST: NARRATOR FATHER
MICKEY OTHER VOICES
NANCY

PART 1

NARRATOR: Hello, boys and girls. Remember our walk through the big city with Mr. Casey, the postman? It was a busy, exciting place. Sometimes people who work in a big city don't like to live there. They live in neighborhoods like the one we'll talk about today.

Let's use our imaginations to take this trip. I want you to pretend that we are all geese who have left our summer homes in the North and are flying to our warm winter homes in the South. As we fly over the land, instead of the pastures and woods we remember, we see many little houses all together, each neat and new, each with a lawn and a little tree in the front yard. We see a new neighborhood with graceful, curving streets. Some of the streets curve and curve again so that cars will drive slowly and the streets will be safe for the children. We see the new school next to the park and the playground. There is even a swimming pool and a big shopping center. Boys and girls, this neighborhood is called a *suburb*.

A suburb is a place near a big city where people have their homes and travel back and forth to the

city to their work and their entertainment. The suburb is like a little island of homes. It's connected with the city and with other suburbs by railroads and superhighways, or expressways, or freeways. Each day thousands of people rush to the city in cars or buses or on trains. The highways and the buses and the trains are very, very crowded. Then, at night, they crowd back into the trains or onto the superhighways to return to the suburbs, where not long ago there were woods and meadows.

Mickey and Nancy Walker lived in a suburb called Rockbrook. They thought Rockbrook had always been a suburb, until one day, when they were playing in the woods near their home . . .

MICKEY: Hey, Nancy. Nancy, over here!

NANCY: Gee, Mickey, what are you doing behind all those rocks?

MICKEY: I'm hiding.

NANCY: I've never seen these rocks before. Golly, they look funny!

MICKEY: Maybe they're part of an old house, or a wall, or even a fence. Hey, we'd better be getting home.

NARRATOR: That evening, when their father returned from the city . . .

MICKEY, NANCY: Hey, hey, Dad. Guess what!

FATHER: Whoa, you two. Let me get in the house first.

MICKEY: Listen, Dad. We were playing on top of some old rocks in the woods today. They looked like part of a wall or a house. What were they, Dad?

FATHER: I don't know, Mickey. Where were you playing?

MICKEY: In the woods near the playground.

FATHER: Tell you what. Tomorrow is Saturday. Why don't we ride our bicycles over before lunch and take a look?

NARRATOR: The next morning Mickey and Nancy went with their father to the woods.

MICKEY: Here it is, Dad. Now, what is it?

FATHER: It looks like an old stone wall, an old farm.

MICKEY, NANCY: A farm?

FATHER: Yes. There used to be many farms around here.

MICKEY: What happened to them?

FATHER: A man from the city offered to buy the land. And because the farms were close to the growing city, the farmers could ask a good price for the land. Perhaps the farmers took the money and bought farmland somewhere else. I imagine some farmers put their money in the bank and took jobs. Others may have used the money to help them go into a business. I suppose the farmers felt they could earn more by selling their land and using the money in other ways.

NANCY: Why did the city man want the land?

FATHER: He didn't want to farm it. He wanted to build houses on it. The man from the city was sure that many people, like us, would want to live

in nice houses, away from the crowded city, in a suburb where there was fresh air and sunshine. So he bought a big piece of land where he could build many houses at the same time.

MICKEY: A man bought this land, and built all our houses, and our school, and streets and—you mean, Dad, just like that he made a whole town?

FATHER: Well, Mickey, not just like that, really. It was more like this:

PART 2

MAN: I'm the man with a plan. I've a whole lot to do. There'll be a brand-new neighborhood when I get through.

VOICE 1: What's your plan? What's your plan? What's your plan?

MAN: First, a loan from the bank put money in my hand, and then I bought this big piece of land.

VOICE 2: You've got to have the blueprints for the houses, nice and neat . . .

VOICE 3: Don't forget surveyors to mark out every street!

MAN: Yes, yes, yes, there's a lot to do.

VOICE 4: You'd better make sure gas and water can get through!

VOICE 1: Where do you want the streetlights put?

VOICE 2: What about the pool?

VOICE 3: What about the shopping center?

VOICES: Don't forget the school!

MAN: Yes, yes, yes, there's a lot to be done. Building a new neighborhood keeps you on the run.

VOICES: We still need a park.

VOICE 4: Will this corner be too dark?

MAN: We'll put the park here. No, that corner is just fine. Now, let me see. All the plans seem O.K. In the morning we will start and work every day with . . .

VOICE 1: The bulldozers and cement mixers . . .

VOICE 2: And bricklayers and masons . . .

VOICE 3: Carpenters, electricians, plumbers . . .

VOICE 4: And then, we'll need trees and lawns. Call the gardening men!

MAN: I'm the man with a plan, and now that I'm through, there's a whole new neighborhood waiting just for you.

NARRATOR: And that's how Rockbrook was born.

PART 3

NARRATOR: But Rockbrook continued to grow and change. One day Mickey and Nancy heard their mother and father talking about a factory that was going to be built in the neighborhood. Everyone in Rockbrook was talking about the new factory. Phones were ringing all over Rockbrook. Some people thought it was a bad idea.

VOICE 1: Hello, Sally, this is Irene. Have you heard about the printing plant? . . . Yes . . . We should all get together and see what we can do to stop it.

VOICE 2: A factory? After we've done everything we could to make this a pretty place?

VOICE 3: We moved here because we wanted room for the children to play in, out of the traffic. Now, with a big factory, there'll be trucks and cars all over our streets.

VOICE 4: That'll mean more people will move out here. Rockbrook will turn into just another city.

VOICE 5: It's not worth it . . . not with a big, ugly factory.

NARRATOR: Some people thought it was a good idea.

VOICE 6: I understand the factory grounds are planned to look beautiful—just like a park.

VOICE 7: You know, it would be nice to work here instead of driving so far into the city each day.

VOICE 8: Factories pay more taxes that will help pay for better schools and all the other things that a neighborhood needs.

NARRATOR: The neighbors never did all agree. But the plant was built, and it was a beautiful building. It was long and low, with flowers along the walks. Some of the old neighbors felt that Rockbrook was a better and more interesting neighborhood because the plant had moved to the suburb. What do you think?

Good-bye for today, boys and girls!

Chapter 3: Small Town Neighborhoods **THE TOWN AROUND THE MILL**

To discover some of the ways that small town neighborhoods change and the reasons for such changes, the students can listen to the recording "The Town Around the Mill." Help the students develop a visual image of Littleton and its various neighborhoods. Review the reasons why people chose to live in Littleton. Then discuss the sequence of events, as follows, that describe Littleton's changes:

- Caleb Adams built his mill; Littleton grew as people came to work.
- More stores and offices opened.
- Mills elsewhere began to use new machines to make new kinds of cloth.
- The Adams mill did not change; it lost business and finally closed.

- Littleton became smaller as people moved away.
- The townspeople try to solve their problems.

Afterward the students should be able to create a pictorial series entitled "The Story of the Adams Mill and Littleton."

CAST: NARRATOR HARRY NYE
 ARTHUR STOKES OTHER VOICES

NARRATOR: You know, boys and girls, there really are many different kinds of neighborhoods. Today, we're going to visit Littleton. It's a pretty little town and very old. The river, the railroad, and the busy Main Street divide the town into small neighborhoods. Arthur Stokes will be our guide. Mr. Stokes is one of the oldest people in town, and I know he can help us.

STOKES: Hello, children. Do you see the big red building over there? That's the old Adams cotton mill. It's almost the reason for Littleton. A long, long time ago, old Caleb Adams built his mill along the river so that he could use the water for power. Back then, there were hardly more than a dozen families around here. But when the mill was built there were jobs for more men, so many families came to stay. They built their homes near the mill, so that they could walk to work in the morning. Then people started grocery stores and bakeries and clothing stores, and more and more families settled here. Streets were built and finally a city hall. Yes, the town grew up around the mill.

NARRATOR: Then the mill is the main business here in Littleton, Mr. Stokes?

STOKES: Well, no. Times sort of passed it by. The Adams family did not like change. They didn't like new machinery or new ideas. The mill stayed about the same size and was making the same kind of cloth. Bigger, newer mills with new machinery were working in other towns nearby. They were working full blast making all kinds of new cloth, and at lower prices. Don't misunderstand me; Adams cotton was fine-quality cloth, but it was expensive. And without the new machines, the Adams mill couldn't make fabrics as fast, or as cheap, as the other mills. Well, the Adams mill started losing customers, and finally, a few years back, had to close for lack of profit.

NARRATOR: Well, what happened to the people who worked in the Adams mill when it closed down?

STOKES: Well, some of the older folks just retired and lived on their savings and pensions. Of course, *young* folks had to find new jobs. They found work here in town, or found jobs in the city nearby. Some people couldn't find the right kind of job nearby. They had to move away to find work, like my son Larry.

NARRATOR: He must miss Littleton very much.

STOKES: Yes, it's a friendly place. And we old folks like to sit on the benches there in front of the courthouse. In fact, I see Matt Wilson over on the bench, waiting for me to play checkers right now.

NARRATOR: Well, thank you, Mr. Stokes.

STOKES: Don't mention it. It was a pleasure. See you later, boys and girls.

NARRATOR: † Littleton *is* a nice town, children. But if jobs are hard to find and young people move away, I wonder why people stay here at all. Let's ask. Here comes a lady now. Excuse me. Would you mind telling us why you live here in Littleton?

FIRST WOMAN: Well, we think it's a good place to raise children. We have a house with a big yard. We can have a dog and a cat, and my daughter Janice has a pet white rabbit.

NARRATOR: ... Sir, would you tell us why you live here?

FIRST MAN: I suppose it's because I've lived here all my life. Friends I grew up with are here. And I have plenty of room for my grandchildren to come to visit me.

NARRATOR: Thank you, sir. Oh, here comes another man. Could you tell us why you live in Littleton?

SECOND MAN: I used to have a small farm a few miles outside town. But I wasn't earning a profit, so I sold my farm and got a job here in town at the hardware store.

NARRATOR: Thank you very much, sir. And here comes another lady. Would you tell us why you live in Littleton?

SECOND WOMAN: Well, we almost moved away when my husband got a job in the city. But I wanted to stay to be near my parents. Now he's glad. It costs less to live here, and my husband can drive back and forth to work on the superhighway in almost no time.

NARRATOR: Thank you. How about you, sir? Why do you live here?

THIRD MAN: My farm supply store is here. Things have been slow, though, since they built the superhighway past town. Too many farmers drive right on into the city now to buy their supplies.

NARRATOR: I see. And another lady has come up. How do you feel about the new highway?

THIRD WOMAN: Most of us thought it was a fine idea at first. Well, we know better now. I'm Mrs. Gates. My husband runs the Gates gas station, and he misses those cars that used to stop. And Emma Barker tells me her lunch counter is empty. Things are bad!

NARRATOR: I do hope things get better. It seems as though the superhighway helps Littleton in some ways but hurts it in others. Oh, there's Mr. Stokes. How did the checker game go?

STOKES: Just fine! By the way, were you talking with Mrs. Gates?

NARRATOR: Yes. She was telling us about the superhighway.

STOKES: Yes, the superhighway's been good for getting to the city fast, but Littleton loses a lot of money that used to be spent here. Traffic stopped coming through Littleton, and the town got poorer.

NARRATOR: Is there anything you can do?

STOKES: We hope so. There's a town meeting today. Since you and the children are interested, why not come along?

NARRATOR: Oh, that sounds interesting. We'd like to.

STOKES: Well, let's go to the courthouse. Harry Nye is calling the meeting to order right now.

NYE: Quiet, please. Fellow citizens: Our town is facing a big problem. We all know what it is. That superhighway takes people right on past Littleton, and money that used to be spent here is being spent in the city instead. Any suggestions? How can we bring people back to Littleton? Bob . . . Bob Wilson.

WILSON: The old mill's interesting. Why don't we run tours through the mill for out-of-towners? We could charge twenty-five cents.

NYE: Well, how about it, Bill? You manage the Adams property.

BILL: Anything that will help Littleton is fine with me.

NYE: Anyone else have any ideas? Yes, Mrs. Abbott.

MRS. ABBOTT: Why don't we freshen up the stores downtown, and grow flowers in the square?

DISSENTER: Who's going to pay for that? Business is bad.

VOICE 1: It doesn't have to cost money. We can do most everything ourselves.

VOICE 2: The ideas are fine, but we have to let folks know what we're doing. Let's advertise in the big city papers, and put up highway signs that say Littleton is a good town for shopping and vacationing.

DISSENTER: I like the town quiet.

VOICE 3: That's because you're retired and living on a pension. But most of us *need* the tourists so that there'll be more jobs.

DISSENTER: Who'd want to see an old mill?

VOICE 4: It's not just the mill. It's fixing up the whole town. Why don't we fix up the old hotel so the tourists will have a place to stay?

NYE: All right. I guess we could argue all day. But there are three things we can do. We can open the mill, we can fix up the stores, the hotel, and the courthouse square, and we can advertise to let tourists know what we're doing. If no one else has any other ideas, I think we should vote and decide.

NARRATOR: Boys and girls, let's vote too.

NYE: All in favor, say yes.

CROWD: Yes.

NYE: All those against, say no.

2 VOICES: No.

NYE: Well, then, it's decided. Let's get to work.

NARRATOR: Littleton is going to be a better town than ever before. And we helped! Good-bye for today, boys and girls!

Chapter 4: Rural Neighborhoods

SHOULD THE THOMPSONS MOVE?

To discover that farm neighborhoods are changing because prosperous farmers are buying out less prosperous ones, the students can listen to the recording "Should the Thompsons Move?" Use the following questions as a basis for review:

- What are two main reasons why Mr. Livingston is able to farm better than Mr. Thompson? (*He has more and better machines.*)
- What arguments can be used in favor of Mr. Thompson selling his farm? What arguments can be used against it?

After the discussion the students should be able to make a value judgment, supported by logic, about whether Mr. Thompson should sell his farm.

CAST: NARRATOR DALE THOMPSON
CARL LIVINGSTON NANCY
JOHN

NARRATOR: Hello, boys and girls. Today we're going to visit Carl Livingston, who lives in a farm neighborhood. There are chickens and pigs and cows on Mr. Livingston's farm, and a large garden near his farmhouse. And beyond the garden, big golden fields of wheat. The next farmhouse is a mile down the road. You can't see it from the Livingstons' house. Are you wondering why we call a place a neighborhood when one family can't see the family next door? Do you remember what we've said all along—that a neighborhood is made up of land, buildings, and people, and the way people act toward each other—and care for the well-being of their neighborhood. Well, Mr. Livingston has good neighbors.

CARL: I surely do. I found that out last year. Just before harvest time, I had an accident. I couldn't

walk. I worried about my wheat crop. Who would harvest the wheat? Then, one morning I woke up when I heard voices and the sound of tractors. Neighbors came to help me harvest my wheat. I can tell you truly that farmers have good neighbors even though they don't live close together.

NARRATOR: So you see, children, Mr. Livingston lives in a neighborhood even though the houses are far apart.

Mr. Livingston's son John works on the farm. Mr. Livingston has to have many big machines to help him run his wheat farm. With them he can grow more wheat with less help, and every harvest-time he has more to sell. Mr. Livingston and his son have learned to grow more and more wheat on the land they already have. Each year they added tools and machines to make their work go faster. Every now and then, when they were out working in the fields, Mr. Livingston would bring the big tractor to a halt. He'd look over the fields of wheat and then he'd say to his son:

CARL: Just think how much wheat we could grow if we had some more land.

JOHN: Gee, Dad, with the equipment we have, we could handle it. Why don't we get some more land?

NARRATOR: Mr. Livingston had been thinking and thinking about it. But there was only a little land for sale and many farmers to buy it. That made land expensive. But one day, Mr. Livingston learned that his neighbor, Dale Thompson, was thinking of moving into town. That evening, Carl Livingston drove over to Dale Thompson's farm.

DALE: Hi, Carl. Good to see you.

CARL: Good to see you, Dale.

DALE: You know Nancy, don't you?

NANCY: Hello, Mr. Livingston.

CARL: My, you're getting big. You must be nearly ten now.

NANCY: Almost.

DALE: Nancy, Mr. Livingston and I could use some cool lemonade.

NANCY: O.K., Daddy.

DALE: Well, now, how have things been, Carl?

CARL: Pretty good, Dale. As a matter of fact, that's why I'm here. Uh . . . I don't know how to say what I want to say . . . I guess the best way is just to say it. Dale, we're thinking about adding more land to the farm. With all the heavy equipment we have, we could easily farm more land. Would you be interested in letting us buy your land? We'd give a good price for it.

DALE: I've been thinking about giving up the farm. But Carl, it's not something you decide on quickly. I've been on this farm all my life. I thought my son would take it over someday.

NARRATOR: Carl nodded his head. He had known Dale Thompson all his life.

DALE: But we just haven't been able to keep our costs down on growing wheat. And now a lot of our machinery is getting pretty old.

NANCY: Here's the lemonade, Mr. Livingston. It's nice and cold.

CARL: Thank you, honey.

DALE: Sit down, Nancy. Mr. Livingston wants to know if I want to sell the farm.

NANCY: Our farm?

DALE: That's right. How'd you like to live in town? You'd have more friends to play with. It wouldn't be so lonely.

NANCY: Gee, I don't know.

DALE: If I stay with farming, Carl, I'm going to have to buy some new equipment, and to earn a profit I really need more land. Even though the government is helping us farmers get a better price for wheat, I can't produce enough wheat to have government help make a real difference. I just don't think I can afford it. There are a lot like you, Carl, looking to buy more land so they get more use out of their machinery. Matter of fact, the Robinsons were here a month or so ago. They want to buy. But if I do sell, I'd rather see you farming this land. We have been friends a long time. It would be as if it were sort of in the family. My boy Tom isn't interested in farming. If he was, I wouldn't think of selling. But Tom wants to take up engineering.

CARL: That sounds pretty good to me, Dale.

DALE: Sure, Carl, sure. I'll be proud to have an engineer in the family. And after all, he says the farm's a heap of work for a mighty small return, and he's got a point. And it probably would be better in town for Nancy, too. She should have more friends her own age. I could get a job at Ed Preston's garage. I've always liked fooling around with machines. With what I could get by selling the land and the cattle and my equipment, there'd probably be a nice bit of cash to give us a start in town and to help Tom along with his schooling.

CARL: That makes sense to me, Dale.

DALE: Still and all, with a farm, if worse comes to worse, you're not going to go hungry; and being out in his own fields with the sun on his back and the wind blowing does something for a man.

NARRATOR: All the time her father was talking, Nancy held her breath. She was thinking:

NANCY: Gee, I'd hate to leave the farm. I guess I couldn't have a pet calf or feed the chicks. But

I could spend more time in town and see more of my friends Sally and Mary Lou. There's lots doing in town, but gee, I've lived here all my life. I just don't know.

DALE: I just don't know, Carl. I've lived here all my life.

NARRATOR: Nancy waited for her father to decide. So did Carl Livingston. Boys and girls, if you were Dale Thompson, what would you decide?

Good-bye for today, boys and girls!

Chapter 5: Houses

WALTER GROPIUS—THE TEACHER

To discover how innovative architects develop new techniques to build better houses for lower prices, the students can listen to the recording "Walter Gropius—the Teacher." Afterward use the following questions as a guide to discussion:

- What new ideas did Mr. Gropius and his group bring to the design of buildings?
- In what ways did Gropius feel housing construction could be improved by using factory methods?
- Can you identify some homes in your neighborhood that were constructed primarily in a factory?

As a result of this activity the students should be able to list several ways Mr. Gropius felt new ideas in architecture and construction could improve housing.

CAST: NARRATOR WALTER GROPIUS
STUDENT

GROPIUS: Yes, and what may I do for you and the children?

NARRATOR: Hello, boys and girls. Today we're going to take a different kind of trip. We're going to travel backwards! Oh, not very far—only a matter of twenty years. Come along with me, everybody. Step right into our time machine. Here we go-o-o-o . . . And here we are—I think! Young man, could you please tell us, are we in Boston? Is this Harvard University?

STUDENT: Why, yes, ma'am.

NARRATOR: Well then, if this is the year 1952, we should be able to find Walter Gropius. He taught here until 1953.

STUDENT: You'll find Professor Gropius just through that door.

NARRATOR: Professor Gropius?

NARRATOR: We've traveled quite a way to see you, sir, because I thought the children would enjoy meeting you, and listening to your ideas about designing buildings. And perhaps you could tell us about when you were a young architect.

GROPIUS: Hmmm . . . The children are just about the age I was when I became interested in architecture. My father was an architect. He was a builder for the city of Berlin, and always there was talk at our house about building. And when I was a young man, I worked for an architect who was building big factories. Two other young men worked with me. They are both very well known: the Swiss architect, Le Corbusier—he was one of the designers of the United Nations Building in New York—and Mies van der Rohe, who came to America in the 1930s. The three of us were interested in functional design.

NARRATOR: Functional design? The word *functional* means “useful.” Could you explain more about that?

GROPIUS: We thought that people should live and work among useful things that were beautiful also. We didn’t feel that artists should create paintings and sculpture and buildings and gold and silver dishes just for rich people. *Everyone* should be able to have beautiful things. And we thought that artists and designers should be a part of the working world. They should design things that people need in such a way that they can be produced by machines—just as Mr. Ford made his automobiles. Then many people could buy these things.

NARRATOR: I see. Is that why you started to teach? Because you wanted to tell people your ideas?

GROPIUS: I think so. I started my school, the Bauhaus, in 1919, and I invited many of the talented young artists of Germany to teach there. They brought their ideas to the school, and because we were together as a group we had more ideas—about the way artists and architects could work together with craftsmen and businessmen.

NARRATOR: The designers of the Bauhaus believed in using new building materials, too.

GROPIUS: Of course. We found steel to be lighter and stronger than brick or stone for building walls. So we could do many more interesting things with buildings by using steel and glass and concrete. We could build homes and skyscrapers with glass walls. Then people wouldn’t have to be shut behind heavy walls. The outside landscape becomes a part of the inside of the buildings. The Bauhaus group didn’t just design buildings, but many other things as well, all kinds of useful things—furniture, plates, bowls and cups, woven fabrics. We designed things that were both beautiful and useful.

NARRATOR: I know you designed the buildings for your school, the Bauhaus.

GROPIUS: Yes, I did, when we moved from Weimar to Dessau, in 1925. The Bauhaus in Dessau was built of steel and concrete, and much glass.

I wanted the buildings to look as if they were floating, not anchored to the ground in the same way as the older buildings of Dessau.

NARRATOR: I have heard that you are interested in building homes for families with low incomes. Will you tell us about that, Mr. Gropius?

GROPIUS: Well, you see, so many products were being made on factory assembly lines, I thought maybe houses could be produced that way, too. So I began working with other specialists to design houses that could be produced in parts, or sections, in factories. The parts could be moved by truck to land where people wanted to place the houses. I knew that if the parts—the ceilings, walls, floors, doors, and windows—were made by machine, to fit together in many different ways, then people could have less expensive houses, with more space or less, depending on the needs and tastes of each family.

NARRATOR: I see. That way, each house even though the parts were made alike, would be different, put together. Mr. Gropius, what made you decide to leave Germany and come to America?

GROPIUS: In the 1930s, artists and designers were in trouble. Times were hard and many of the artists in Germany were against the ideas of the government that had come into power. It wasn’t a democratic government and it didn’t approve of people who had new ideas. I went to England in 1934, and then came to the United States to teach at Harvard in 1937. I guess, more than anything else, I like being a teacher.

NARRATOR: Thank you, Mr. Gropius, we learned a lot today. But now we must be going.

GROPIUS: Good-bye, children. I hope that some of you—when you grow up—will want to build good homes that people can afford.

NARRATOR: And here is the time machine, waiting for us. In we go . . . and now we are back in our classroom at school. Do you know, some new school classrooms today are built in factories? Is your school built that way? Do some of the walls and window frames and doors in your school come from factories? See if you can find out about the way your school was built. Good-bye for today.

Chapter 6: Stores and Offices

BIG STORE, LITTLE STORE

To discover how neighborhood stores and supermarkets compete with each other, the students can listen to the recording "Big Store, Little Store." Use the following questions as a basis for discussion:

- What advantages did Mrs. Costello see in shopping at the neighborhood store?
- What advantages did Mrs. Pinelli see in shopping at the big store?
- For what items might your family shop at the small store? at the big store?

After the discussion the students should identify similar stores in their neighborhoods or in other neighborhoods and cite two advantages in shopping at each.

CAST: NARRATOR
MRS. COSTELLO

MRS. PINELLI

NARRATOR: I wonder . . . does Mrs. Costello buy from Mr. Milano just because she likes him?

NARRATOR: Hello, boys and girls. Today we are going to listen to a conversation between two friendly neighbors who disagree. Mrs. Costello is outside with her shopping cart, waiting for her friend Mrs. Pinelli. They are going food shopping together.

MRS. P: Oh, there you are, Mrs. Costello. Hey, you don't need the shopping cart. I brought the car so that we could drive to the big store.

MRS. C: Oh no, let's go to the small store on the corner. The owner, Mr. Milano, knows me. When I walk in he says "Ciao, Mrs. Costello." At the big store you are a nobody!

MRS. P: But the big store has more things—more fruit, more vegetables. You don't get much of a choice in the little store.

MRS. C: Well, it's true that there is less choice in small neighborhood stores. But Mr. Milano knows what I want. And he orders it for me. Also, I can send my children to Mr. Milano's store. He's so nice to the children.

MRS. P: How does he get customers? He never has sales.

MRS. C: Yes, I know. The big store has sales. Each week, I get mail from them. Bargains in this, bargains in that! Mr. Milano's prices are higher. They have to be. He tells me he can't buy the food he sells—not at the same low prices that the big stores do. They can buy cheaper because they buy so much more of each thing they sell.

MRS. C: But Mr. Milano calls me when he gets in fresh strawberries. And I just telephone my order in if I am sick. Mr. Milano picks it out and sends it over—the very nicest things, nothing ever damaged. I trust him. And I don't want to see him go out of business.

NARRATOR: Mrs. Costello buys from Mr. Milano not only because she knows and likes him, but also because he offers her some extra services. But what about Mrs. Pinelli? Why does she prefer to shop at the big store?

MRS. P: Well, I like to do my own shopping. And I like low prices better than fresh strawberries.

MRS. C: Let's make up our minds. It's getting late. And we both must do our shopping.

MRS. P: O.K. Get in the car. The big store has a big parking lot. We can buy as much as we want. Our groceries don't have to fit in a shopping cart.

MRS. C: No, no, no. I think we should go to Milano's. For one thing, I am short of money. He will give me credit.

MRS. P: He is silly to give credit. Sure, he can trust you. But he shouldn't trust everybody. Some people will never pay him. If that happens he earns a smaller profit, and up his prices go again. Maybe you are paying for other people's groceries.

MRS. C: But I hate the crowds at the big store. The lines are so long. It is quiet at Mr. Milano's. Most people only come in for a few things.

MRS. P: You said it, I didn't. You can only buy a few things at Milano's. Look, at the big store there is a bakery, a drug section, and a meat section. Last week I even bought a frying pan, and a screwdriver my husband needed. No, they won't give me credit. But they will cash checks for me. Besides, there is a new game every few months and you can play it if you spend five dollars on food.

MRS. C: But Mr. Milano has everything for my Italian dishes. And we can go to the bakery for sweets. There is a drugstore for drugs and the butcher for meat. They are all on the same block, and there is a hardware store, too, if you need a pot this week—or if your husband needs a hammer. If we don't shop in the small stores, who will? All the little neighborhood stores will go out of business.

MRS. P: Well, all right, Mrs. Costello. Get in the car. I'll drop you off at Milano's and I'll go shop at the big food store. Then I will pick you up later.

MRS. C: It's always nice to go shopping with you, Mrs. Pinelli.

NARRATOR: Both Mrs. Costello and Mrs. Pinelli had good reasons for shopping where they like to shop. Small store owners cannot carry as many things as the big stores do. Big stores cannot give the kind of attention and service to their good customers that small stores do. Think about where your families shop. Many families shop for special things and enjoy the service they get in small stores, and shop for other things and find good bargains in the big stores. Are you glad there are both kinds, both big stores and little ones?

Good-bye for now, boys and girls.

Chapter 7: Factories

THE WONDER HORN FACTORY

To discover that to produce goods a factory owner combines savings, land, raw materials, labor, buildings, and machines, the students can listen to the recording "The Wonder Horn Factory." Discuss how the growth of the factory changed the neighborhood. Afterward have the students perform the story as a playlet. Remind them to emphasize the importance of factories where goods are produced in large amounts by machines. They should emphasize also that savings, land, raw materials, labor, buildings, and machines are used in the production of goods. They should point out also that these factors have to be combined in the right amounts. In addition, point out that the encounters with the banker show that factory owners must take risks to earn a profit.

As a result of this activity the students should be able to relate the importance of each factor of production.

CAST: NARRATOR MONSIEUR BONET
CHARLIE CONN OTHER VOICES

NARRATOR: Hello, boys and girls! Today I'm going to tell you about a very special kind of factory—the Wonder Horn Instrument Factory.

Once there was a trumpet player. People loved to listen to his music, but he had a bad temper. His friends would say . . .

FRIEND 1: Charlie Conn, watch your temper!

FRIEND 2: Yeah, suppose you got your lip hurt in a fight. How would you play your trumpet then?

NARRATOR: But Charlie Conn didn't listen and one day he did get into trouble.

CHARLIE: It is so!

VOICE: It is not!

CHARLIE: Is so!

VOICE: Is not!

CHARLIE: Is!

VOICE: NOT!

NARRATOR: Charlie was sorry he hadn't listened to his friends; his lip did get cut in that fight, and he couldn't play his horn.

Charlie wasn't the kind to give up easily. But every time he put that metal mouthpiece to his lips and tried to play, it hurt too much. Then Charlie got an idea.

CHARLIE: If I can just find something to fit it so that the metal mouthpiece doesn't press so hard against my lip!

NARRATOR: And Charlie did find something—a piece of nice soft rubber. He cut the rubber very carefully so it would fit right on the mouthpiece of his trumpet. Then he put the trumpet to his lips and . . .

CHARLIE: Hey! I can play! I can play again! And it doesn't hurt a bit!

NARRATOR: And then . . .

VOICE: Hey, Charlie, what's that thing on your trumpet?

CHARLIE: It's a rubber cushion I made to protect my lips. Want to try it?

VOICE: Say, that's good. Do you think you could make one for me? I mean . . . I'll be glad to pay you for it, Charlie.

NARRATOR: And after that more and more musicians found out about Charlie's rubber mouthpiece and wanted to use one. Before long Charlie Conn was spending all his free time making rubber mouthpieces for horns. One evening, Charlie took time out to think things over.

CHARLIE: People seem to want to buy more mouthpieces than I can make in my spare time. Maybe I ought to go into business full time making mouthpieces to sell.

NARRATOR: And Charlie set up a little workshop and soon he had a very nice little business. Then one day a man walked into Charlie's shop.

M. BONET: Monsieur, pardon, but I have heard of you and I have a large favor to ask. I myself am a maker of fine instruments. I am over here from

France and find myself in a most difficult position. I must repair instruments, but also I am without proper tools. I wonder if you would be so kind as to lend me the use of yours. I would be most grateful, Monsieur.

NARRATOR: Charlie Conn thought it over.

CHARLIE: If Monsieur Bonet produces and repairs trumpets here, I can sell rubber mouthpieces to his customers and learn from him, as well.

NARRATOR: And so Monsieur Bonet and Charlie became good friends and worked together. And it wasn't long before Charlie had learned how to make horns and trumpets himself. And when Monsieur Bonet left to go home to France, Charlie thought that he would like to be able to make beautiful instruments more than anything else. And so, he tried; he worked and he worked. He tapped the brass tubing into shape with his wooden hammer. He worked and worked to get the tiny valves just right. And he polished and polished to make the brass gleam, and then one day the horn was finished, and it was a very fine horn indeed. And from that day on Charlie Conn became the owner, salesman, foreman, and chief worker in his own musical instrument factory! Of course, it was a very small factory. A few of Charlie's friends helped with the work. And everything was done by hand. People going by the little shed could hear the sound of the wooden hammers on the brass, and sometimes they could hear them testing a finished horn.

The instruments were fine and beautiful, and Charlie's business began to grow. Charlie called them Wonder Horns. More and more orders came in, and Charlie had to hire more workers. The neighborhood began to grow and grow as more and more people came to work in the factory. And then even more people wanted to buy the horns, and even more workers were needed. Until one day that small factory was so crowded with workers that . . .

WORKER 1: Pardon me; let me through here.

WORKER 2: Hey! Hey! Watch out. You're on my toe!

WORKER 3: Hurry up with that machine, will you! I can't do another thing until I use it.

CHARLIE: Good grief! This is awful. My workers can't get a thing done. It's too crowded in here, and we need more machines and tools. I've just got to do something.

NARRATOR: And Charlie decided to build a bigger factory, with more room and bigger and better machines. But that would take money. So he decided to go to a bank and ask for a loan.

BANKER 1: A musical instrument factory, you say? No, I don't think there are enough people who play the trumpet. We wouldn't feel safe lending money to you. You could not earn enough income to repay the loan with interest.

NARRATOR: Charlie went to another bank.

BANKER 2: We'd like to help, but musicians are not very practical people. And bankers have to be practical. I'm sorry, Mr. Conn, but we've got to say no.

NARRATOR: Poor Charlie! He was getting discouraged. But he went to a third banker, who said . . .

BANKER 3: Well, it would be taking a chance. Still, I hear that you make very fine instruments and that you have many customers all the time. Do you have something you would promise to give the bank if you can't pay the money back?

CHARLIE: I have the instruments I produce.

BANKER 3: Hmmm, well, it certainly isn't the way we usually do business. But I guess we can lend you the money.

NARRATOR: So Charlie Conn finally got the money he needed. Now he could build a new factory. But first he had to find a good spot for the factory, a place that had room for the workers to build houses nearby, that was close to the railroad so that materials could be brought to the factory and the finished instruments shipped away. And, finally, it would have to be a place where there was plenty of water to wash the finished horns so they would be bright and shiny for the customers. Charlie Conn found just the right spot, and pretty soon with all these new machines he made many, many more instruments than before. Charlie thought:

CHARLIE: Gee, the fellows can produce an awful lot of horns now. Where will we find enough new customers? Who will buy our horns? Say! Say, that's it! We can have school bands. Children can learn to play music in school. They'd love to play all these shiny instruments, and trombones, and tubas, and horns.

NARRATOR: And that's just what happened. Because of that idea, each year more and more children are learning to play musical instruments, and more of them are proudly marching along with their school bands down Main Street or across the football field playing shining, gleaming trumpets and trombones and tubas and horns from factories across the land.

Children, the Wonder Horn factory is only one of the many factories there are today. And all of them—every single one—do their best to produce better and better goods at lower and lower prices. Good-bye for today, boys and girls.

Chapter 8: Farms and Mines

ONE FINGER, TWO FINGERS, THREE FINGERS

To discover how the commodity exchange acts as a marketplace for grain, have the students listen to the recording "One Finger, Two Fingers, Three Fingers." Then use the following as a guide to discussion:

- What is a commodity exchange?
- What is Mr. Weiss's job at the Commodity Exchange? Does Mr. Weiss buy and sell grain only for himself? (No)
- What makes the price of grain go up or down?
- Can Mr. Weiss control the price of the grain? (No)
- How does Mr. Weiss keep his customers informed?

As a result of this activity the students should be able to describe in their own words how brokers at the Commodity Exchange buy and sell grain contracts, which in turn sets the market price for that grain.

CAST: NARRATOR SAM WEISS
 OTHER VOICES

NARRATOR: Hello, boys and girls. Today's trip starts in front of 141 West Jackson Street in Chicago, the building that houses the Chicago Board of Trade. This board of trade operates the world's largest markets, even though they don't look at all like the markets where you shop for food. These markets are called commodities exchanges.

The word *commodity* means product, and I think you know what *exchange* means. You can exchange a nickel for some candy, and you might exchange the candy with a friend who has something else you want. You can even exchange ideas! Let's go inside to the visitors' gallery now. Here we are in the big hall of The Chicago Board of Trade Commodities Exchange. In this exchange, or marketplace, products produced around the world are bought and sold—cotton, soybeans, and grains like wheat and oats and barley. Look at those machines over along the wall. They are Teletype machines. Information that affects the prices of these commodities comes in on these machines from all over the United States and from the many foreign countries with which we trade. There is a great, big map of the world on the wall. It helps buyers and sellers understand the areas of the world from which information is coming in. We will have to stay here in the gallery. Only the members of the exchange are allowed down into the pit areas. Look, there is Sam Weiss. He is a member of the exchange and a commodities broker. He has an office in this building, and his business is buying and selling commodities for his customers. We can find out about the commodities exchanges by finding out what he does during his working day.

Here he is now. He is wearing a yellow badge. It has his initials, S. W., on it—that shows he is a member. Everyone in the pit has the same kind of yellow badge. Mr. Weiss is talking to the man standing next to him. I wonder what he's saying.

WEISS: I had to get here before the market

opened, and it looks as if I just made it. It's nine thirty on the dot.

NARRATOR: That gong we heard signaled the opening of the exchange. Let's try not to lose Mr. Weiss. There he is, signaling the auctioneer with his hand. Other members seem to be doing the same thing. He is holding his hand above his head, showing his palm to the auctioneer, and he has one finger up.

WEISS: One contract, one-eighth up.

NARRATOR: That's the way members buy on the exchange. They use hand signals, and also call or cry out what they are willing to pay. "One contract, one-eighth up" means "I wish to buy one grain contract"—a contract is five thousand bushels of grain—"and I am willing to pay one-eighth of a penny more than was offered just a moment ago."

Members trading in the pits watch the big board. The numbers keep changing on it. If you know how to read it, it tells what the prices of the commodities are at the moment. This is the market price. Whenever a new sale takes place at a price above or below the price on the board, then the market price has changed.

WEISS: Two contracts, one-eighth up.

NARRATOR: Now Mr. Weiss is holding his hand up and showing the back of his hand to the auctioneer. That means he wants to *sell* two wheat contracts at one-eighth of a cent above market price. Does that seem funny? First he buys one contract, then he sells two? But you see he is buying as a representative for one person, and selling as a representative for another. Remember, only members can buy and sell on the exchange. So Mr. Weiss is in the business of buying and selling for many different people. He earns a commission on each buy or sell order. That is, he is paid a small part of the money that is paid out for buying or that is earned for selling grain.

Mr. Weiss is going to his telephone. Members in the pit have a direct telephone connection to their offices. Let's listen to the conversation.

WEISS: Good morning, John, any new orders? What? A sandstorm through Kansas and Nebraska! That's sure bad for the wheat crop, but it doesn't seem to be showing in the market prices as yet. We must be the first to know. The price is bound to go up when the news gets around. Businessmen will worry that they won't be able to get the amount of grain they need. They will buy now at any price, especially the flour mills and bakery products manufacturers. But tomorrow the market will be normal again. Don't mention this, but Jack Horstman called me from Texas last night. It looks like a record year for crops down there. They expect to harvest one hundred and fifty bushels per acre. Not only that, a lot of South American wheat is coming on the market. I heard that Argentina has more than it can use. I'll see you later, after lunch.

Yes, did you forget something? Mercer wants to sell? He bought when the prices were too high last month; he wouldn't take my advice. Well, he'll take a slight loss. O.K. Things are beginning to happen now; prices jumped suddenly on the board. The sandstorm news is getting around. I've got to get back. We can do some selling today at a good price.

NARRATOR: And that's the way Mr. Weiss spends his morning. He doesn't have lunch until one thirty in the afternoon, because at exactly one fifteen the bell rings three times and the market closes for the day. But that doesn't mean that Sam Weiss has finished his working day, no indeed! He usually eats lunch where other Board of Trade members gather. Here he learns more about what is happening, or going to happen, that may affect market prices.

VOICE 1: Hey, Sam! What did you hear about that sandstorm in Kansas?

VOICE 2: Did you hear that Peabody Mills is selling most of the extra grain they have stored? They have a big surplus to dump.

NARRATOR: And then back to 141 West Jackson, this time up in the elevator to his office, and to the paperwork on his desk, and the phone calls—

WEISS: Hello, Sam Weiss speaking. Mr. Grauchalk, yes, you want to sell four contracts. Well, I don't know, Mr. Grauchalk, don't be misled by the closing prices. Yes, the market closed high today because of the news about the sandstorm, but prices will probably drop as soon as the market opens tomorrow. Good crops in Texas and South America, right! And Peabody Mills are selling. Well, I'll see what I can do for you. Right. Good-bye.

Hello, Sam Weiss speaking. Yes, Mr. Green. Mr. Stein suggested that you call me? Oh yes, of course, Mr. Stein is an old customer. Yes, I'll be glad to take your order. Prices are high today, Mr. Green, but I don't think that they will . . .

NARRATOR: Mr. Weiss has a difficult time getting to his paperwork.

WEISS: Jenny, no more calls today. Please take messages and say I'll call back. I have contracts to write up, and the customer reports to get out. And the newsletter can't be put off any longer. And I have got to check the buy and sell orders for tomorrow.

NARRATOR: Yes, Mr. Weiss is busy in his office until five o'clock. He leaves his office at five and travels home. Mrs. Weiss is getting dinner ready. Sally Weiss is in the living room on the floor, doing her homework. Johnny Weiss—he's about your age—is at the door.

JOHNNY: Hi, Pop. Didja have a busy day, Pop?

WEISS: Well, yes, I did, Johnny, you see, there was a sandstorm—

JOHNNY: Hey Pop, how about pitching me a few balls before supper?

NARRATOR: And that's the way it goes, pretty well every day, for Mr. Weiss—an important man in the grain commodities market. Good-bye for today.

Chapter 9: Neighborhoods and Government

THE PEOPLE SPEAK THROUGH ME

To discover that elected representatives try to meet the needs of the people in the district they represent who elected them to office, the students can listen to the recording "The People Speak Through Me." Afterward ask the students to pretend that their classroom is a voting district. Have them consider what special problems they might want to have their representative help them with. Then discuss the qualities they would look for in a person to represent them on these issues.

After the discussion the students should be able to compile two lists under the titles "Problems Our Voting District Faces" and "The Kind of Person Who Could Help Us Solve Our Problems."

CAST:

NARRATOR

HERMAN BADILLO

NARRATOR: Hello, boys and girls. We're here in a neighborhood in the big city of New York. It is called the South Bronx. We're waiting to speak to . . . oh, there he is now! Hello, Mr. Badillo. Children, I'd like you to meet Mr. Herman Badillo. He can tell us a great deal about the South Bronx. He knows many of the people who live here.

BADILLO: Hello, children. Yes, I do know the people here. That's my job.

NARRATOR: And most people here know Mr. Badillo, because they elected him to be their congressman. Mr. Badillo, would you tell us how a congressman helps his neighborhood?

BADILLO: In a big city like this, there are many different neighborhoods. The South Bronx is only one of the neighborhoods in my district—the twenty-first congressional district. Each neighborhood has its own special problems. Some of these can be solved by neighborhood people getting together, and then there are problems where outside help is needed—help from the city, or state, or federal government. I see my job as one of advising and helping with neighborhood problem solving, and of knowing what to do and where to go for outside help when it's needed.

NARRATOR: Can neighborhood people come to see you when they need help or advice?

BADILLO: I have an office here and a staff of helpers. They can advise people, and always know where to reach me. I have to be in Washington when Congress is in session. But I spend as much time as I can in my neighborhoods. It's important to do that.

NARRATOR: Yes, we can understand that. If you know what is happening in the neighborhood, you know what to work for in Washington.

BADILLO: And most of all, it's important for people to know the man they elect and be sure he understands them and their special problems.

NARRATOR: Did you grow up here, Mr. Badillo?

BADILLO: No, like many of the people in this neighborhood, I was born in Puerto Rico. I came to the United States as a child and I went to high school and to college in this city. You see, I am one of these people. I've grown up with their problems—and their *special* problems.

NARRATOR: Why do you say problems and special problems?

BADILLO: Well, take housing, for example. In my district there are many tenements—houses where the apartments are too small for the families; where there is no heat or hot water; where the buildings are badly in need of repair, plaster falling off the walls and ceilings, stairs poorly lighted and unsafe, windows broken; and where no cleaning is done or trash collected regularly, so

there is always the danger of rats. But this is true of other districts in this city and other cities. Congressmen from poor neighborhoods face this problem all over the country.

And where families are poor, there are angry young people, and many elected representatives try to find ways to help these young people—keep them from forming gangs and looking for trouble on the streets.

NARRATOR: You mean you try to get tax money and help to build playgrounds and community centers with good programs for young people.

BADILLO: Yes. And, of course, many of us try to get more money for education, but in my district schools are a special problem. You see, many of the older people in this district speak Spanish at home. Children, even children born in the United States whose parents speak Spanish only, have a difficult time of it when they start to school if their teacher speaks English only. Our schools ought to have classes in both Spanish and English. And our teachers should teach English in a different way to the Spanish-American children. They cannot learn English just like children whose parents speak English at home. Also, it is very important for our teachers to know what a beautiful language Spanish is, so that the Puerto Rican children will be proud they know it.

NARRATOR: Are there other important problems in your neighborhood?

BADILLO: Many of the people here have to learn more than just a new language. I not only have to protect their rights in Congress, but I have to help them learn what their rights are as citizens. They have to know when and how to vote, and to know that if they don't register ahead of time they won't be able to vote for someone like myself to represent them in the government.

NARRATOR: They need someone who understands and will make sure the law gives them the same opportunity as Anglo-Americans.

BADILLO: Yes. But you know, it isn't the laws. We have the laws. The congressman's main job is to see that we use the laws and get the money that Congress has already ruled should be spent to put the good laws into effect. Sometimes that isn't easy. But now, I will have to say good-bye to you, children.

NARRATOR: Thank you for taking this time with us, Mr. Badillo, and good-bye. Children, our government is made up of many people, and now we know that many of these people are elected by neighborhoods to represent them and their special needs and problems. In this way, each one of you, when you are eighteen, old enough to vote, will have something to say about what your government will do.

Good-bye for today, boys and girls.

Chapter 10: Neighborhoods and the Law

POLICEWORK IS MY BUSINESS

To discover that the role of a law enforcement officer has become complex and takes special talents and training, the students can listen to the recording "Policework Is My Business." Then discuss the following questions:

- What is the role of police officers in enforcing the law? Can a policeman declare a person guilty or innocent?
- What kinds of men and women do police forces look for to become trainees?
- What kinds of training does it take to become a police officer in a large city?

As a result of this activity the students should be able to create posters or TV commercials for an imaginary police recruiting campaign.

CAST: NARRATOR ORLANDO WILSON
OFFICER HURLEY OTHER VOICES

NARRATOR: Hello, boys and girls. Today we're going to take another trip in our time machine.

We'll be traveling back to the year 1962—and we'll be visiting the city of Chicago. We'll meet Mr. Orlando Wilson, the superintendent of the Chicago Police Department. He's going to show us how the Police Department works by taking us on a tour of the Eighteenth Precinct. Here we go-o-o-o . . . And here we are now!

OFFICER: Eighteenth Precinct, Officer Hurley speaking. Yes, ma'am? What can we do for you? I see, the people next door are making too much noise. Your name and address, please. Yes, ma'am, we'll send someone over. Joe, noise detail, 1949 North Fullerton. Yes, ma'am?

NARRATOR: We're waiting for Mr. Wilson. He is going to speak to us about policework.

OFFICER: I think he has arrived. Joe, check if the superintendent is up in Central Investigation. And tell him there is a school group down here waiting for him. Eighteenth Precinct, Officer Hurley speaking. Your children are starving? Ma'am, are you in touch with the social work agency in your neighborhood? Yes, good. I think they will be able to help you. You see, that's a job for them. The city laws do not allow the Police Department to take care of social work problems. Yes. You're welcome.

MAN: Officer, officer, my car's been stolen. I parked it on State Street and—

OFFICER: Down the hall, sir. You'll see the sign. The auto theft unit will take the information, sir.

WOMAN: Officer, my purse has just been taken!

OFFICER: One moment, ma'am. Eighteenth Precinct, Officer Hurley speaking. I'll connect you with Central Investigation.

WOMAN: Officer, I've just been robbed!

OFFICER: Yes, lady. Second floor, and ask the guard for burglary detail. They'll take the information.

WILSON: Hello. Hello, children. I'm glad you could come. Follow me. We'll find a quiet place to talk. Here we are. This empty conference room ought to do.

NARRATOR: Has policework changed much in the last few years, Mr. Wilson?

WILSON: Yes. Policework is a government service, and must change when new demands are made upon it.

NARRATOR: Can you explain police work to the children, Mr. Wilson?

WILSON: Members of the police force are supposed to protect people. In some cases, that means arresting lawbreakers and turning them over to the courts. But police protect and help people in many different ways.

NARRATOR: Well, just how do the police help, Mr. Wilson?

WILSON: Well, police help people at the scene of an accident. They often have to give first aid before an ambulance arrives to take an injured person to the hospital.

NARRATOR: I've always seen policemen around when there's a fire.

WILSON: Yes, along with the firemen, they help people if there is a fire. And they keep people watching a fire from getting hurt, or getting in the way of the firemen.

NARRATOR: We're beginning to see what it means when people say a *busy* police force!

WILSON: They are busy, all right! They see to it that fights don't start at parades or public meetings so that people won't get hurt. When there is a robbery they get all the information they can to help catch the thief, and return what was taken. They protect important people who visit the city, or just people who have been threatened. They even protect people who may have done wrong.

NARRATOR: Would you explain that to us, Mr. Wilson?

WILSON: You see, in our country, people are considered innocent until the courts prove them guilty.

NARRATOR: That's an important thing to remember, children.

WILSON: And something else you children ought to remember: If you are lost in the city, a policeman is the person to ask for directions. If you are a young person, he will help you find the grown-up who you were with. And we don't mention it often enough, but many policemen have risked their lives to help others.

NARRATOR: Mr. Wilson, some people don't like the police. They say the police push people around and are unfair to some groups.

WILSON: It's true that this happens sometimes, but nowhere near as often as in the old days. You see, now the police force looks for young men and women who are suited for policework. The Police Department wants young people whom they can train and who will realize that the police are *not* the law itself, but rather people who enforce the law. Our new recruits learn to respect the constitutional rights of others. These are the ideals of the modern police force and we try to live up to them.

NARRATOR: How do you decide which young people to train, Mr. Wilson?

WILSON: Police applicants are asked about their likes and dislikes, habits, and feelings toward people of different races and color. A police officer is expected to be well educated and to take special training. The public may not realize what kind of recruits the force is looking for. Some don't think policemen should be well paid. But a policeman today is a specialist, and should be paid as one.

NARRATOR: Can anyone become a policeman in Chicago?

WILSON: Anyone who passes all the tests. The department hopes to attract young men and wom-

en of different nationalities and races, because our community is made up of many different groups. And then we must look for young people who have never broken the law. Respect for the law is a policeman's first duty.

NARRATOR: Can young people apply for the police force as soon as they have finished school?

WILSON: They must be twenty-one years old. But there is a police cadet program for those who aren't old enough. This program pays young men to work at a police station while they go to college. You see, we want men who want to serve their community, and this takes a good education. The well-educated recruit will become an officer who will continue to learn and will not be prejudiced against people of a different race or color.

NARRATOR: Thank you, Mr. Wilson. We've learned a good deal.

WILSON: I'm glad you came, children. Perhaps some of you will be in the police cadet program someday. I hope so.

NARRATOR: Good-bye, good-bye for all of us.

WILSON: Good-bye.

OFFICER: Eighteenth Precinct. Officer Hurley speaking. Yes, ma'am, a squad car is on the way.

NARRATOR: Good-bye, Officer Hurley.

OFFICER: Good-bye, kids.

NARRATOR: That was an interesting visit. The next time you see the policeman on the street in your neighborhood you'll understand more about the training he has received and the services he performs.

Good-bye for today, boys and girls.

Chapter 11: Volunteers in the Neighborhood **PAID IN THANK YOU'S**

To discover that volunteers donate time, talent, and money to accomplish something that they believe in, the students can listen to the recording "Paid in Thank

You's." After discussing the importance of Lillian Wald's efforts to the Henry Street neighborhood, have the students use the theme of the story to create a play based upon a contemporary problem that they feel could be helped through the work of volunteers. The problem could be one in their school or neighborhood, or it could be of national or international scope.

After creating the play the students should be able to perform it before another class or the whole school to demonstrate the importance of volunteering in our society.

CAST: NARRATOR LILLIAN WALD
OTHER VOICES

NARRATOR: Hello, boys and girls. Today we are going to talk about some people who are very important to the neighborhood. These people are volunteers. Let's say that word together. *Volunteers*. Volunteers are people who work without pay and give their time or their money to do useful work for other people. They help when important things need to be done and there is no one else to do them. Our story today is a true story about a volunteer named Lillian Wald.

Many years ago in New York City, there was a young nurse named Lillian Wald. She was the daughter of loving, generous parents who gave her good clothing to wear, good food to eat, and good ideas to think about. Many times Lillian heard her father say:

FATHER: A person who never learns how to share with other people will lead a very narrow, uninteresting life.

NARRATOR: Lillian thought a great deal about that and about other things her parents said. Lillian grew up wanting to do useful work that would make people's lives better. So she became a nurse. In one part of the big city there was a neighborhood where many, many people lived crowded together in dark old houses. Most of the people had just come to America from other lands, and many of them could not speak English. Most of them were poor and felt very alone and afraid. The nursing school sent Lillian to visit this neighborhood once a week and teach the people how to keep their homes clean and healthy. Lillian Wald explained to these people that dishes should be washed in hot, soapy water. She told them how to get rid of germs in water by boiling it. Very few people in those days knew about germs. But they listened to what Lillian Wald said. One day, as she was teaching the class . . .

WALD: You see, many diseases are caused by germs. That is why we should always—

MARY: Please, nurse, come and help my mother! We don't know how to help her. She's so sick.

WALD: Just let me get my bag. Don't cry, dear. You show me the way. Now, what is your name?

MARY: It's . . . it's Mary, ma'am.

NARRATOR: Lillian Wald followed Mary down dark, dirty streets crowded with garbage, broken furniture, and even old torn mattresses. She entered a rickety, run-down building and walked up narrow, shaky stairs. Mary's mother was huddled on the only bed in the room. She had a very high fever, but Lillian Wald was able to help her and make her feel comfortable. For a long time, Lillian Wald thought about Mary and her family. Then she said to herself:

WALD: To think I went to that neighborhood month after month and never even saw what it was really like! Seven people in two little rooms! It just isn't right for people to have to live like that. If only other people knew, they would want to help.

NARRATOR: Lillian Wald decided that if she really wanted to help she had to move into the neighborhood and spend all her time there. Soon Lillian Wald, with her black bag and her nurse's uniform, became a familiar sight on the streets of the neighborhood.

MR. D: Ah, good morning, Miss Wald. My little Mario, he is justa fine now, justa fine, since you come to da house.

WALD: I'm so glad to hear it, Mr. Dominic. Just be sure to change the bandage every day.

MR. D: We do justa what you say, Miss Wald. God bless you.

LOUIE: Hey, Miss Wald, guess what! I can spell Mississippi!

WALD: Oh, Louie, not really! I'm so proud of you.

NARRATOR: Miss Wald had a right to be proud. Two months before, twelve-year-old Louie could not read or write. His mother had told Miss Wald:

MOTHER: Louie's skin is all broken out on his head so they will not let him stay in school. We come to America so da children can go to school . . . learn . . . have a good life. Louie must go to school or what will become of him?

WALD: Your skin *is* all broken out, Louie. It's a rash. Well, I think we can do something about that.

NARRATOR: After Louie got better, he was able to go to school every day. Lillian Wald's door was open to everyone who needed her help, and other people heard about Lillian Wald's work. They came to see what the neighborhood was like and they became volunteers too. Many of these volunteers settled in the neighborhood. Some who could not come to live and work in the neighborhood gave their money so that the volunteers' work could grow. Lillian Wald used some of the money to buy a little house on Henry Street, right in the middle of the poorest part of the neighborhood. Volunteers lived here and the neighborhood people were wel-

come to come with their problems. But Lillian Wald wasn't satisfied! She also wanted children to have a better life—to have a choice and a chance. And so the house on Henry Street was filled with the happy sounds of children learning . . . singing . . .

VOICES: Here we go round the mulberry bush, the mulberry bush, the mulberry bush. Here we go round the mulberry bush, so early in the morning.

NARRATOR: . . . writing . . .

CHILD: I like to see the pigeons because they're soft and white and fluffy. At night they put their heads under their—

NARRATOR: . . . drawing and painting and playing music . . . Yes, Lillian Wald was a volunteer who changed a whole neighborhood. And she had ideas that were useful to every neighborhood all over the country. Today her name, along with other famous Americans, is in the national Hall of Fame. When you see your school nurse, or a public health nurse, when you play ball on the playground, or even when you see nice, clean neighborhood streets, you are seeing the work of one volunteer—one little girl whose father said:

FATHER: A person who never learns to share with other people will lead a very narrow, uninteresting life.

NARRATOR: Good-bye for today, boys and girls.

Chapter 12: What Keeps Neighbors Together? What Keeps Neighbors Apart?

DIFFERENT PEOPLE, SAME PROBLEMS

To discover how a desire to solve a common problem can bring neighbors together, the students can listen to the recording "Different People, Same Problems." Then discuss the following questions:

- What problems did the Tate family solve alone?
- What problem did the Tates need neighborhood help to solve?
- How did working on common interests bring the neighbors together?

As a result of their discussion the students should be able to identify a problem in their school or neighborhood which could bring people of different interests together in an attempt to reach a solution.

CAST: NARRATOR MR. TATE
 MRS. TATE MR. RAMIREZ
 OTHER VOICES

NARRATOR: Hello, boys and girls. Do you remember our visit to Rockbrook, a suburban neighborhood? We found out that some people who

work in the city like to live away from it, where it is quieter and countrylike. But there are other people who like to live in the city, close to the center of everything. Do you remember the city sounds we heard when we visited Mr. Casey on his mail route? Some people think the big city is an exciting place to live in because it is made up of so many different kinds of people. In some neighborhoods, instead of the roar of traffic, we hear the sounds of the ice-cream man, or of children talking to each other in foreign languages such as Italian, Hungarian, or Chinese.

Our story today is about the Tate family. There was Mr. Tate and Mrs. Tate. There was their son Billy, their daughter Susan, and their puppy. Their family had grown too big for their small apartment, and a large apartment in the center of the big city costs more than they could afford. But they didn't want to leave the city. They thought they might find the house they wanted in less expensive neighborhoods. They read all the newspaper advertisements and they looked for signs on houses that said FOR SALE, but they couldn't find what they wanted.

And then, one day, they found just the house! It was a four-story brownstone house with big rooms. It was very old and it didn't look as grand or beautiful as it once had been. Mrs. Tate shook her head.

MRS. TATE: We could never find another house like this for so little money. But look at the neighborhood. Even if we fix up the house all the rest of the houses will still look run-down. Well, I'll give it a try if you will.

TATE: O.K. Let's do it!

NARRATOR: Mr. and Mrs. Tate bought the old brownstone house. And oh my, were they busy after that!

VOICES: Wash the windows, scrub the floors,
Polish the handles on all the doors,
Clean the basement, paint the halls,
Hang some pictures on the walls.
A window box with flowers bright
Should make a very pretty sight.
Plant some seeds for soft green grass,
Polish the doorknob of gleaming brass.
And now, just look, our work is through;
The tired old house looks shiny and new.

NARRATOR: They were happy with their beautiful old house with the shiny brass doorknob. But they weren't happy with the neighborhood—the run-down houses with peeling paint and broken stone steps. And there were other problems.

MRS. TATE: We've got to do something. The sidewalks and gutters are all full of old paper and trash.

TATE: It's pretty bad, all right, but what can we do by ourselves? And we don't know anybody else in this neighborhood.

MRS. TATE: Well, we'll just have to meet our neighbors.

TATE: You're right. People should get to know their neighbors. Let's go over and talk with the people next door and see what they think about the problem.

NARRATOR: And so Mr. and Mrs. Tate marched out the door and down the steps and over to the house next door. Mrs. Tate wondered:

MRS. TATE: What kind of people are our neighbors? Will we be able to understand each other?

NARRATOR: And then the door opened.

TATE: Er, how do you do. We're your new neighbors, the Tates, from next door.

RAMIREZ: Good day, Mr. Tate, my name is Carlos Ramirez. What can I do for you?

TATE: Well, we have a problem in our block, but I think it's too big for any of us to solve alone.

NARRATOR: And Mr. Tate told Mr. Ramirez how worried he was because there was so much trash and dirt lying in the street and on the sidewalks. Mr. Ramirez agreed with Mr. Tate.

RAMIREZ: Yes, trash is bad. It brings the rats. But there is too much for one person to clean up.

NARRATOR: Mr. Ramirez and Mr. Tate went from house to house. Most of the people on the block wanted to get rid of the trash. And early the next

morning, neighbors were out with brooms and baskets, boxes and bags, to pick up the trash. And once everyone saw the clean streets, they tried hard to keep them clean. The Tates felt at home in their big brownstone house with the shiny brass doorknob. And the neighbors who went by the house saw what a big difference a little paint and a few flowers and a shiny brass doorknob could make.

VOICE: I'll bet I could polish my doorknob until it is just as shiny as that.

NARRATOR: Of course, there were still many, many neighborhood problems, such as too many families in one house, or too little space for all

the children to play, or schools that were overcrowded and old. The Tates and their neighbors didn't know what to do about these problems. But they knew they could get together and talk about them.

They discovered that by talking together and working together, they could solve many problems they could not solve by themselves. They also discovered that when a group of them visited the city hall and told of their problems, the city government was more likely to listen to them and help them.

The people in the neighborhood couldn't always solve their problems, but they did learn to understand each other. And some even became very good friends.

Good-bye for today, boys and girls!

Chapter 13: Neighborhoods Change IS THIS THE SAME TOWN?

To discover that neighborhoods change when there are changes in land use, buildings, streets and roads, or people, the students can listen to the recording "Is This the Same Town?" Afterward discuss how Greendale changed, classifying the answers under the categories stated above. Then help the students figure out why these changes occurred as they did (failure to consider the impact of the changes on the daily lives of the people). Conclude by asking the students whether they feel the changes made Greendale a better or a worse place in which to live.

As a result of the activity the students should be able to cite at least one change under each category that has occurred recently in their own or nearby neighborhoods.

CAST: NARRATOR	MOTHER
RONNY	GEORGE WATSON
JANE	MRS. WATSON
DAD	

JANE: I can hardly wait to go swimming! Is Pine Lake pretty close to Greendale, Daddy?

DAD: Oh, yes. Practically part of the town. We'll drive to the lake tomorrow morning and find a good place to camp. Tonight we'll be visiting George Watson and his family. When I phoned, he insisted that we plan to sleep over for the night.

MOTHER:¹⁷ It's been almost eight years since you've been back. You and George will have a lot to talk about.

DAD: And it won't be long now. Boy oh boy, did George and I have some good times at Pine Lake when we were kids! We used to bike there and spend the whole day fishing. You know, George wrote that there's a new factory in Greendale—a television factory. I'll bet things have really

NARRATOR: Hello, boys and girls. Have you noticed that most of the neighborhoods we have visited so far have been alike in one way? Most of the neighborhoods had grown and changed, and the people who lived there were planning new changes. Sometimes, just a few years can change a neighborhood a great deal. The Perry family found that out when they went on their vacation to Greendale. Dad grew up in Greendale. Jane and Ronny had heard about the town many times.

RONNY: Gee, I can hardly wait to get there and go fishing.

changed. Greendale was always a beautiful little town . . . but a little too sleepy. There weren't really enough good jobs. I'll bet that factory has done a lot for Greendale.

NARRATOR: And Mr. Perry was right. Things *had* changed. The closer they got to Greendale, the more crowded it became. There were houses and cars and people everywhere.

DAD: This is amazing. Just look at all the houses! Why, this used to be all farmland.

NARRATOR: And when they got to town . . .

DAD: I can hardly recognize Main Street. Why, all the maple trees are gone! And look at all the stores! Downtown used to be just two blocks long, but there are businesses all over now.

MOTHER: My, they've torn down several blocks of homes, if I remember how it used to look.

RONNY: Gee, it looks just like our neighborhood in the city.

MOTHER: ¹ It certainly is busy! Look out, Dan, you just turned into a one-way street!

DAD: Good grief! Why don't they give me a chance to back out of this street? No one used to be in a rush around here. Just look at the traffic snarl I've caused. . . . Well, now we're back on Main Street. Everybody look for Vine Street, will you? These streets are all changed around. I'll never find George's house!

NARRATOR: But finally, the Perrys did get to the Watsons' house.

GEORGE W.: Hello, long time no see.

DAD: Boy, is it good to be here!

GEORGE: How was the trip?

MRS. WATSON: Come on inside and relax.

MOTHER: We've had quite a time getting here!

DAD: Boy, you can say that again. George, I got lost trying to find your house.

GEORGE: I can believe it. They've tried to help the traffic situation by poorly planned one-way streets—too many streets in one direction and not enough in the other. So you think the old place has changed?

DAD: I'll say! All those beautiful houses and trees along Main Street are gone.

MOTHER: I noticed quite a few of the big houses have more than one mailbox on the porch.

GEORGE: Yes. They're apartment houses now. Why, you can't find a room to rent in this town, much less a house for sale. That TV factory has brought almost two thousand people here!

DAD: Where do they all live?

GEORGE: Well, most of the land that used to be Benton's Woods has been cut up into lots. Must be almost three hundred new homes out there. But it's still not enough. Just about every open piece of land is being built up. But I'll tell you, Dan, there's never been more money in town. Everyone is making really good wages.

MRS. WATSON: Course, prices are pretty high, and the school . . . oh, it's so crowded. We must have a new one.

GEORGE: Yes, we've got plenty of money in the town for a new school, but everybody's arguing about where it should be built. We just can't find a place that will satisfy everyone, and . . .

DAD: What was that?

MRS. WATSON: It's hard to put up with. We're right on the truck route from the factory, and they roar by here day and night. Why they built the factory so close to town is a mystery to me. It's just ruined Elm Street, and the trucks are ruining this whole neighborhood. The street is all torn up!

GEORGE: Well, change and progress bring problems. We'll get it all worked out one of these years. Say, I forgot to ask you when you phoned. Where do you folks plan to go camping?

MOTHER: We're going to camp out at Pine Lake.

GEORGE: Oh, no! Not at Pine Lake!

DAD: Well, yes, we were. What's wrong?

JANE: Can't we go to Pine Lake?

RONNY: Aren't we going fishing?

GEORGE: Gee, Dan, I didn't know your plans. It's all built up now; there are about twenty or thirty homes built around it.

DAD: You mean the lake is closed off?

GEORGE: Uh-huh, and we sure miss it, too.

DAD: The town should have bought that land and kept it for a park!

GEORGE: I know, but no one thought of it . . . and it's too late now.

JANE: Oh, Daddy!

RONNY: Will we just go back to the city now?

GEORGE: Oh, no! Let's see now, what could you do? Say, I have an idea! You could go to Minnetonka State Park.

MRS. WATSON: That's a good idea, Dan. It's just a day's drive from here; after a good night's sleep here you can drive on in the morning. You know, there will be plenty of room there for swimming and fishing.

CHILDREN: Hooray! We're going to the state park!

NARRATOR: And off the Perrys went, to have a peaceful, quiet vacation away from the crowded city. The Perrys were surprised to find that Greendale had changed so much, but as long as man keeps inventing new and better ways of doing things, and as long as families move from one neighborhood to another, our neighborhoods will continue to change.

Good-bye for today, boys and girls.

Chapter 14: Neighborhoods Face Problems

HELPING NATURE WORK FOR PEOPLE

To discover that people must recognize neighborhood problems and learn how to solve them, the students can listen to the recording "Helping Nature Work for People." Use the following questions to discuss the problem of the Echo Valley neighborhood.

- How do we know Echo Valley had a problem?
- Why was it important to be concerned with the problem?
- What was the big question?
- How serious was the problem?
- What were the causes?
- How did the neighbors solve their problem?

As a result of this activity the students should be able to apply similar questions toward the study of a problem in their own school or neighborhood.

CAST: NARRATOR
OTHER VOICES

NARRATOR: Hello, boys and girls. Our story for today is about a neighborhood which had to solve a problem right away. Let's listen and find out what happened.

Every spring, thunderstorms came to the mountains. The rain poured every day and then rushed down the mountainside, filling the creek full, over-

flowing, flooding. Every year, the rushing water flowed up over the banks of little Echo Creek and over acres of farmland. Every year, the farm families who lived on the banks of Echo Creek and in the valley had to fight the floodwaters that threatened their land and their homes. Every year, more good farmland was washed away by the torrents of water.

CHRIS: Here, over here with the truck! We need some more sandbags over here.

SAM: How many boats are out there, Chris?

CHRIS: About three, Sam. We've got most of the people out of the houses where the water's real bad.

SAM: I hear the Jenkins place is just about finished. The water has collapsed one side of the house.

CHRIS: Let's move down a mile or two. One of the flood units has called for help down there.

SAM: Something's got to be done. There should be some way to keep our lands from being flooded each spring.

NARRATOR: And after the floodwaters slowly drained off the land and Echo Creek was once again a peaceful-looking little stream, the farm families in Echo Valley looked sadly over the results.

MAN: Every year we lose more of our soil.

WOMAN: How am I going to get clothes and food for my family this spring?

MAN: Every year we have to fight the floodwaters and clean out our houses and make repairs before we can get to our farming.

WOMAN: Our house was ruined this time. Our children are losing school time.

MAN: We're leaving for good. At the rate the water is taking the good land, this farm won't be good for my boy, anyway!

NARRATOR: What did this problem mean to the families of Echo Valley? It meant the loss of thousands of dollars of income each year. This year fifteen families would not be able to plant in time for the fall harvest! And it meant that thousands of acres of the rich dirt on top of the land were swept down to the Ohio River and lost forever. The farm families knew something had to be done about it—something that would stop the flooding once and for all. But why was there a yearly flood? Why did the water come rushing down to

the valley each spring? One reason was that many years before, lumber crews had been hard at work getting the timber out of the mountain forests to the sawmill, but they had made the hillside practically bare in some places. The trees that held the earth back with their deep roots were no longer there, and thirsty roots no longer drew water down into the ground. Instead, the rains rushed down the mountainside. Another reason the land flooded each spring was that sheep and horses and cows and pigs had eaten all the grass and bushes that once held the soil with their roots. There was nothing to stop the water as it continued down the sloping pastures.

And then for years the farmers plowed and planted corn in straight rows down the hillsides. When the rain came, it rushed down the rows, carrying the soil with it.

That is why each spring Echo Creek flooded the valley. And each year it was worse. Something had to be done! They had to stop Echo Creek from flooding. But how?

VOICE 1: We must build a dam up in the mountains. A wall to hold the water back.

VOICE 2: And we must plant grass and trees along the creek, and on the sloping pastures. That will help to keep the land from washing away.

VOICE 3: We must start plowing along the side of the hill instead of straight up and down. That will help hold the soil, too.

NARRATOR: And so the farm families worked together to make Echo Valley a better place to live. Each family worked on its own farm. They planted grass and trees along the creek bed to hold the soil, and they plowed their fields in curves to help hold the land. Together they planted little trees on the mountains, and grass and bushes on the hills.

Each family gave what money it could to help pay for building the dam they needed; and they also asked the government to help. Saving good land is important to the whole country, and the government was willing to help Echo Valley with money and advice. Finally, the work on the dam began.

One day, when the mayor of Pineboro, the city on the other side of the mountain, was in the barbershop, he heard on the radio:

ANNOUNCER: And the latest news from Echo Valley is the cooperative effort of the farm families living in the valley. The neighborhood is planning to build a dam up in the mountains to control the spring rains that cause Echo Creek to flood them out each year . . .

MAYOR: You know, Bob, I've been thinking. You know how important a dam is.

BOB: Yes, indeed, Mr. Mayor. Those poor Echo Valley people have had a hard time.

MAYOR: You're right. It will mean a much better life for them, but it could mean something good for Pineboro, too.

BOB: Oh, yes, they'll do a lot better farming without the flood problem. They'll have more money to spend here in Pineboro.

MAYOR: Yes, that's one point. But there's another thought; a dam to hold back the water means there is going to be a lake up in the mountains. Do you know how much a lake could do for our city? It could mean a place to fish, to go swimming and boating. That would mean tourists coming to town. And water is important to industries and factories. Yes sir, Bob, this could be a wonderful thing for Pineboro! Hurry up, Bob. I've got a council meeting to call!

NARRATOR: And the mayor explained his ideas to the council. Before the meeting was over, the council agreed: they would work together with the families of Echo Valley and the government to build a fine dam which would make life better for both neighborhoods, and that is just what happened. Echo Valley and Pineboro both became better neighborhoods when the dam was built.

Good-bye for today, boys and girls.

Chapter 15: Neighborhoods Plan Ahead

A TOWN WITH GROWING PAINS

To discover that neighbors and specialists called planners must work together to help neighborhoods achieve their goals, the students can listen to the recording "A Town with Growing Pains." Afterward compare what happened in Greendale with what can happen in Valleyville if the neighbors and Mr. Thornby work together. Ask the students to consider changes in land use, buildings, streets and roads, and people. (Emphasize that planning involves forethought rather than dealing with problems already created.)

As a result of this activity the students should be able to create a two-part mural showing how change caused problems in Greendale and how Valleyville can minimize its problems through planning for the future.

CAST: NARRATOR MR. THORNBY
MAYOR OTHER VOICES

NARRATOR: Hello, boys and girls. Here we are in Valleyville, near Echo Valley. Now there is a dam on top of the mountain above Echo Valley and a lake, new trees on the mountainside, and new ways of planting crops—and no more floods every spring. The people of Valleyville knew the farmers of Echo Valley and how they had made plans to change their neighborhood. And the people of Valleyville had friends in the nearby town of Greendale. Do you remember Greendale? A big television factory moved into Greendale and made more jobs, and paid taxes to the town. But Greendale

did not plan for change and so there were many serious problems in Greendale. And that is why, not far away, the mayor of Valleyville called a meeting today.

MAYOR: Ladies and gentlemen of the town council, we are here to discuss some matters of importance. As you know, our businessmen have been working hard for about two years to get a factory to locate in Valleyville.

And now BSAC, the Bright and Shiny Aluminum Company, is going to build in Valleyville. When the BSAC company builds its new plant, things can be even better for us if we look ahead and plan for the changes that will come.

VOICE 1: What's there to think about? The new factory will mean more good jobs in town, more taxes in the treasury, and more money to spend in town than ever before. That's no problem as far as I can see.

VOICE 2: I think I know what the mayor means. You know what happened over in Greendale when the television factory moved in there.

VOICE 3: I have family in Greendale. That tiny school is so crowded that they are thinking of half days of school for the children.

VOICE 4: Yes. And the traffic is impossible there—the roads are all torn up from the heavy truck traffic, too.

MAYOR: Yes. We should try to think through these problems before it's too late. We can learn from Greendale's mistakes.

VOICE 1: What can you do about things like more traffic and more families moving in? Nothing! It's just the price you pay for progress. You have to take the good with the bad.

MAYOR: Well, I don't agree. I think we can be prosperous and still have a pleasant town to live in. But we need the help of a specialist who knows how to look ahead and tell us all the changes we can expect when the factory moves in. Then we can plan ahead to avoid the problems. That is why I have invited Mr. Thornby here today. He specializes in helping neighborhoods plan for the future. The decision about whether Mr. Thornby will work with us is really up to you. But let's listen to what he has to say, and then we can decide.

THORNBY: The way to avoid the future problems a factory might bring is to make a plan.

From experience we know that when a factory opens, new people will move to town to live near their work. So we can be sure that more houses are going to be needed. Now, if we guess ahead and say "Valleyville will need many more houses," we can ask, "Where would be the best place to build them?"

Greendale never thought ahead about the best place to build all the new houses that were needed, and because of that they can't use Pine Lake for swimming and camping and fishing anymore.

Think of Valleyville as it is today. Look at the small model of the town and the blueprints I have here. Well, see, there is your business district along either side of Elm Street; the houses; the Green Street school; and the River Road leading out to the vacant land along the river. On the other side of the river, farms and the grain elevator more or less form a ring around Valleyville.

Now, the BSAC company is going to need a place to build the plant. They'll probably want land near the river. But you don't want to lose your beautiful picnic grounds and recreation area above the dam up north there, the way Greendale lost Pine Lake. So why not plan to have the factory built down south of the town? There the factory will have a good water supply. It will be close to the railroad and it will be easily connected to the electric power lines. Also, the soil is not good for farming, but it is all right for a factory.

VOICE 2: That sounds like a good place for a factory. But why have you set aside so much land? The plant won't need all that space.

VOICE 4: The workers will need parking space.

THORNBY: That's correct, but I have set aside even more space than that. We hope that the BSAC company will grow, will need more space. Also, other businesses will want to come to Valleyville. We know of one already—the Trusty Pot and Pan Company.

VOICE 1: Well, that sounds good. What more do we need to plan once we decide to have the factory out there?

MAYOR: That is just one example of what we must plan for; there are other changes. If Mr. Thornby works with us, he will find out how many new families with children we can expect to move into town. Then he will help us decide if a new school is needed.

THORNBY: I'd study the new traffic, too, and advise you about building roads, and new traffic rules.

MAYOR: Thank you very much, Mr. Thornby.

VOICE 1: I never thought about those things. .

VOICE 2: Well, it seems to me that we should decide what to do ahead of time.

MAYOR: Ladies and gentlemen of the town council, I think Mr. Thornby has helped us understand that a factory *will* make changes. These changes can be for the better if we are willing to plan ahead.

NARRATOR: I suppose we can never learn to plan ahead for all the changes that will come, but we all can plan ahead for the changes we *expect*; and if we learn to think things through ahead of time, we will all have fewer problems and a more pleasant life.

Good-bye for today, boys and girls.

Chapter 16: School: A Bridge to the World

THE POET AND THE KING

To discover the importance of ideas and the freedom to develop and share ideas, the students can listen to the recording "The Poet and the King." Afterward use the following questions as a basis for discussion:

- Do you think the king was afraid to let the people have their own ideas? Why?
- Can people really be free if they do not have ideas of their own?
- How does school help us develop our ideas? (*We learn to communicate through reading, writing, mathematics, and the arts. Then we can share ideas.*)

As a result of this activity the students should be able to express in their own words how important it is to have and share ideas in a free country.

CAST: NARRATOR POET WOMAN
KING MAN

KING: Every man, woman, and child in my kingdom may eat meat only one day a week.

NARRATOR: Hello, boys and girls. All over the world there are millions of boys and girls like you in classrooms learning to read and to write; studying arithmetic and spelling. They study other people and learn about the world around them just as you do. Boys and girls, we study so many different things so that we can discover and think about *ideas*. What is an idea? We can't see an idea, or taste it, or touch it, or smell it, but ideas can be very powerful. You'll see what I mean when I tell you the story of a long-ago country and its king, and a poet . . .

Many, many years ago, in a faraway land, there was a king who did not want his people to have ideas of their own. He told his people what to wear . . .

KING: Every man in my kingdom must wear a suit of brown cotton in summer. Every woman in my kingdom must wear a dress of yellow wool in winter and yellow cotton in summer.

NARRATOR: The king could say *that* because all the stores and shops belonged to him. He told his people what to eat . . .

NARRATOR: The king could say *that* because all the farms belonged to him. He told his people who could go to school and who could not . . .

KING: Sons and daughters of farmers may go to school until they are eight. Sons and daughters of tailors and shoemakers may go to school until they are ten. Sons and daughters of noblemen may go to school until they are twelve.

NARRATOR: The king could say *that* because all the rules and laws were made by him. The king told his people that he ordered the sunshine and rain and that if he was angry with them, the sun would stop shining and the rain would stop falling. And the people believed the king because they had so few ideas of their own.

One bright summer day a poet from a faraway country walked through the streets of the kingdom.

POET: Isn't it strange—all the men are dressed in brown cotton and all the women are dressed in yellow cotton.

Excuse me, madam. I notice that all the ladies are dressed in yellow and that all the men are dressed in brown. Could you please tell me why?

WOMAN: Why! Why! Because it is the order of the king. Isn't the same thing true in your country?

POET: Why, madam, not at all. In my country, people dress as they please.

WOMAN: But suppose your king becomes angry. Then he will command the sun to stop shining and the rain to stop raining.

POET: The sun shines and the rain falls all over this world—and no man, king or poet, can add one minute of sunshine or take away one minute of rain.

WOMAN: You don't say! I am sure you are busy, but would you have supper with us? I'm sure my husband would like to hear what you have to say.

NARRATOR: The poet was glad to stay for supper, for he was very hungry.

MAN: And you mean to tell me that all over the world there are rainy days and sunny days whether the king is angry or not.

POET: Those are my very words. And the king does not tell his people what to wear or what to eat or who must go to work instead of school, or what work they must do—not in all the rest of the world. And the people decide on the rules and laws of the country and choose their rulers themselves.

MAN: That's remarkable, poet. If you would spend the night with us, I have friends who would like to hear your new ideas.

NARRATOR: And the poet stayed one day—and a second day—and more and more people came to hear his new ideas.

Soon the king heard that a stranger was talking to the people about eating meat twice a day, sending their children to school until they were grown, and about choosing their own jobs.

KING: Guards, guards! If you do not want the sun to stop shining and the rain to stop falling, find the stranger! And when you do, into the prison with him and his ideas for the rest of his life!

NARRATOR: The people learned that the guards were looking for the poet.

MAN: Run for your life! Here, take my horse and run!

NARRATOR: The poet escaped and became famous in another country. When he was an old man he returned to that curious kingdom. The people were wearing gaily colored clothes. Children were on their way to school. And people were talking to each other, sharing their thoughts and ideas. He stopped a man on the street.

POET: Many years ago, the people wore only brown and yellow. They did only what the king allowed. Now they dress and work and go to school as they please. Could you tell me what happened?

MAN: Yes, that's the way it was. But one day a stranger came into our country and he brought us new ideas. He had to run for his life, but we thought about and talked about his new ideas. And then we had ideas of our own. The king put many people in jail. But the more he punished people the stronger the ideas became. Finally, no one believed that the king could order the sun to shine or the rain to fall. We elected a new leader; now we think freely and act freely. And it is all because of that stranger. Do you see that statue in the square?

POET: Yes, yes. I do.

MAN: That is the statue of the stranger. Now none of us remember what he looked like, but we have never forgotten his ideas.

NARRATOR: Did you like that made-up story? What were the poet's ideas about? Well, his most important idea was the freedom to choose—to choose jobs—and freedom to choose goods and services. Freedom to make rules and choose leaders and freedom to choose ideas.

Children, our world is divided into countries that disagree about these important ideas. Some countries have leaders who agree with some of the ideas of the king in our story. Oh, well, no one believes that any king can make the sun shine or the rain fall, but they believe that the leaders should decide who will produce goods and who will consume them. Other countries agree with the poet, and

they argue that people should be free to decide for themselves what they will produce, what they will consume, and what jobs they will follow. Sometimes people never do agree about what is best for everyone. But if it were not for people like the poet, the world wouldn't have a choice of ideas. They wouldn't have different ideas to argue about and disagree with.

And so, every boy and girl in every school all over the world can be a little bit like the poet in our story—someone who has ideas of his own and wants to share them with other people. You go to school to learn many different ideas. And the more ideas we have, the richer and more interesting our lives will become. Good-bye for today, boys and girls!

Chapter 17: Understanding Nature

IDEAS ARE MY BUSINESS

To discover that man's curiosity about nature opens up his opportunities to shape his world, students can listen to the recording "Ideas Are My Business." Afterward discuss the following questions:

- What was Dr. Carver curious about?
- Do you believe he could have discovered as much as he did if he hadn't received a good education?
- Who have been helped by his discoveries? (Lead the students to conclude that limitless numbers of people have been helped.)

As a result of this activity each student should be able to name something he is curious about and how, with study, his curiosity might help other people.

CAST: NARRATOR
GEORGE WASHINGTON CARVER

NARRATOR: Hello, boys and girls. Today we'll travel back to 1925, to meet Dr. George Washington Carver. He was then sixty-one years old. Into the time machine, everybody. Here we go! And here we are, on the grounds of Tuskegee Institute, a college in Alabama. Dr. Carver teaches here. Perhaps someone can direct us to his laboratory. Oh, there's an artist on the lawn over there. He seems to be painting a picture of one of the college buildings and the large old trees growing in front of it. Pardon me, sir, but could you tell us where we can find Dr. Carver?

CARVER: You've found him. I'm the only Dr. Carver around here.

NARRATOR: Oh, hello, Doctor. The children and I have come here to talk to you. But I've thought of you as a scientist. I didn't know you were an artist!

CARVER: That could be a matter of opinion. I like to paint. I find it very relaxing, and sometimes

it helps me to think out some of the problems that come up in the laboratory. Some folks think I paint pretty well. Why, I was invited to show my work at the Columbian Exposition in Chicago back in '93. And I won an honorable mention. Yes, I did! Do you know, children, I sometimes feel prouder of that than some other things I've done in my life.

NARRATOR: But Dr. Carver, you've done many things in your life to be proud of. We hoped you would tell us about some of your discoveries, and the way that your study of science has helped Southern farmers.

CARVER: I'm interested in finding products that can be made from the foods that farmers grow. For instance, I've found that there's a lot more to a peanut plant than peanuts.

NARRATOR: How do you mean that, Dr. Carver?

CARVER: Well, peanuts by themselves are fine for roasting and eating, especially if you ask an elephant! But besides that, I discovered it's possible to get many other products from the peanut plant—products that make the peanut more profitable for

the farmers. Today, businessmen who run factories are buying peanuts to make meal, oil, bleach, wood filler, linoleum, and many more things *extracted*, or taken out of, the peanut, right here in Tuskegee.

NARRATOR: Would you tell us how you became interested in science—and the peanut, Dr. Carver?

CARVER: I guess I was always interested in science, research science. I was born in Missouri in 1864. That's a long time ago, children, right during the War Between the States—and those years weren't easy times for black people. The years after the war were almost as hard on my people as the years of slavery had been. Few blacks had any schooling. I was on my own when I was only thirteen, but I knew I needed a college education. I felt that I would find my way of serving the Lord in the field of science. So I worked my way through Simpson and Iowa State College, and then Booker T. Washington invited me down here to teach young black people and do my research. We set up an experimental farm. That was back in 1896, and I guess it was this experience that made me particularly interested in the problems of farming in the South. I worried for a long time about the way the South depended on cotton, and only cotton, for income. I felt that the Southern farmer needed to plant other crops as well. And then, in 1914, the cotton crops were almost completely destroyed by the boll weevil.

NARRATOR: Children, the boll weevil is a kind of a caterpillar that feeds on the cotton plant.

CARVER: And, in 1914, they were really hungry! That's when I really started looking into other crops that would grow well in this climate—and what products could be made from them. I found that peanuts and sweet potatoes and soybeans grew down here, so I began to figure out ways of using them. Do you know, children, there are over a hundred products you can buy in stores today that are made from sweet potatoes—products that don't look anything like an orange-colored potato. No sir! And we found that we could milk a soybean.

That's right, you can buy soybean milk, and flour—and oil, of course, and some of your breakfast cereals are made from soybeans. And soybeans are healthful and full of vitamins.

NARRATOR: It wasn't easy to convince the farmers to plant these other crops, instead of only cotton, was it?

CARVER: Well, the news got around. Then I was invited to Washington to tell Congress about what I had found in my laboratory. They didn't believe me at first—but I had brought so many different kinds of products I'd made out of peanuts and potatoes and soybeans along with me that, well, they finally had to admit it was a good idea for the South to plant these other crops.

NARRATOR: It certainly made a great difference in farm income here, Dr. Carver.

CARVER: I hope so. There is no end to what nature has to offer, children, if you work *with* it instead of against it. I'm busy now trying to get farmers to plant crops that will help the soil. Too much cotton planting for too many years has made for poor soil on most Southern farms. Of course, you can even find products to make out of poor soil that isn't any good for farming. There's this clay down here in Alabama that makes a very good talcum, or bath powder, for instance.

Oh my, I'm afraid it's time to pack up my paints and get myself over to class, or I'll have some eighty young people wondering what happened to their teacher.

NARRATOR: The children and I want to thank you, Dr. Carver, for showing us how important it is to understand nature. And we'd better hurry too. We have to catch our own time machine for our return trip. Hop in, everybody. And here we are back in the classroom again. Dr. Carver not only helped the Southern farmer, he made our lives richer and fuller as well.

Good-bye for today, boys and girls.

Chapter 18: Understanding People

HOW WE THINK

To discover that man's curiosity about himself and other people leads him to seek ways to better understand and to learn about human behavior, the students can listen

to the recording "How We Think." Have the students reflect on the several ideas about thinking and learning presented by the "mysterious stranger." Then ask the following questions:

- Where do we learn?
- How does one learn from building idea blocks?
- How do we learn from each other?
- How do we learn by playing?
- How does learning help us solve problems?
- Why should we learn to think about the results of what we do?
- Who was the "mysterious stranger"?

As a result of this activity students should be able to list several ways learning helps us live better lives.

CAST: NARRATOR JOE KATE
JIMMY MARY
STRANGER MISS TANNEN

NARRATOR: Hello, boys and girls. Do you like mysteries? Today we're going to hear about a mysterious stranger. Jimmy was the first to meet him. It was on a Saturday. Jimmy was sitting at the curb staring at—well, if you had asked him he would have told you:

JIMMY: Nothin' in particular.

NARRATOR: Actually, he was watching an ant pushing a large crumb of bread across the gutter. The stranger appeared behind Jimmy and said:

STRANGER: Hello, Jimmy, that's a very interesting lesson you're learning.

JIMMY: Huh? Say, mister, I'm not learning today. I learn in class, but school is closed on Saturdays.

STRANGER: Oh my, Jimmy, school never closes! We learn no matter where we are or what we happen to be doing, or who we happen to be talking to. Why, Jimmy, the whole world is a classroom!

JIMMY: Huh? I don't understand, mister.

STRANGER: Well, for instance, you can learn a lot by watching that ant. The tiny crumb of bread the ant is pushing is as heavy for that ant as a one hundred pound sack of potatoes would be for you. Do you see that pebble lying in his path? To the ant, that pebble is a big tall mountain. Let's watch and see if he tries to push the crumb up and over it, or finds out that he can go around it.

NARRATOR: Well, Jimmy and the stranger watched the ant try to push the crumb over the pebble mountain, and then—

JIMMY: Say, you were right! The ant did go around the pebble!

STRANGER: I guessed he would. Well, Jimmy, you learned something about ants, today. And you also learned that it's important to listen to other people's ideas, too.

NARRATOR: But before Jimmy had a chance to reply, the mysterious stranger had disappeared. When Jimmy saw his best friend Joe in the play-yard before school on Monday morning, he told Joe all about meeting the mysterious stranger. And, all of a sudden, there was the stranger again.

JIMMY: Hi, mister. Have you got any ideas my friend Joe and I could use?

STRANGER: Perhaps I do. Let's see, now. Have you boys ever thought about how one new idea opens the way for another one?

JOE: How does that work, mister?

STRANGER: Let's imagine that ideas are building blocks. When a stone mason builds a wall, he lays one building block, and that block helps him place the next one, and then those two blocks help him place the third, and all of a sudden he has a whole wall built! That's pretty much what we do with idea blocks. One idea block helps us to add the next one.

JOE: Hey, I can see how that works! I learned to count when I was little and now I can measure distances exactly right.

JIMMY: I can do measurements pretty well, too. And I'm going to take a lot of math so that I can learn more and more about our world and the whole universe.

JOE: Say, you might even become an astronomer!

STRANGER: That's right, boys. You can see how idea blocks build up, one by one—from simple arithmetic to complicated mathematics. I hope you can become an astronomer, Jimmy. You've already taken one step by putting these ideas together.

NARRATOR: By now, most of Jimmy and Joe's classmates had gathered around to listen to the stranger.

STRANGER: And there's another important idea about learning, too. Do you know that you can learn a great deal by sharing?

VOICES: By sharing?

STRANGER: Yes, Everyone here knows special things that can be shared with friends. Most of you have some very interesting hobbies, I suspect.

KATE: I collect rocks and minerals!

JIMMY: I like to draw and paint!

JOE: Well, I'm pretty good on the harmonica!

MARY: And I have a collection of dolls from all over the world!

STRANGER: You see, all of you can learn special things and get new ideas from each other.

KATE: Gee, that's good. I like that idea!

STRANGER: Another good way to share ideas is by playing.

VOICES: By playing?

STRANGER: That's right. When you play house, what are you doing, Mary?

MARY: When I play house, I like to be the mother.

STRANGER: And when you *play* being mother, you are learning something about being grown up. You practice doing some of the things you see your mother doing—and begin to understand why she does those things.

MARY: Uh huh.

STRANGER: And all the time you are learning two very important things: how to *make decisions* and how to *reflect*, or think about, those decisions.

MARY: I think I know what you mean about making decisions. They aren't always easy to make. Like last summer, our whole family had to decide where to take our summer vacation.

JOE: And it was a big decision at our house about Dad taking a job in another city or not.

JIMMY: Dad and Mom and my brother and I all got together to decide about saving for a new car or painting the house.

STRANGER: You children do understand the important decisions you have already known about in your lives. As you grow up, you will learn to *reflect*, or think about, what could happen if a certain decision is made. You can say, if I do *this* now, *this* will happen, and *that* could make something else happen.

MARY: Oh sure, I know what you mean. When we finally decided about our vacation, everybody was pleased because none of us thought just about what we might want to do. We all thought about what would be best for the whole family.

JOE: I remember my Dad thinking a lot about the new job and what a move to another city would mean to the family. He finally decided to stay here—and all of us were glad.

JIMMY: At our house, we're still reflecting, I guess, because we haven't made a final choice. There's a lot to think about when we decide to spend our savings for a new car or painting the house.

STRANGER: You're right, Jimmy. In order to reach important decisions, every member of the family has to do a lot of thinking.

KATE: I understand about making decisions . . . and about reflecting upon them . . . but . . . well, it seems to me . . .

STRANGER: Yes, Kate?

KATE: It just seems that all of this takes a lot of thinking. And I just wonder . . .

STRANGER: And you just wonder what all this thinking is for?

KATE: Why, yes. That was just what I was going to say!

STRANGER: Children, Kate has raised a good question. Let's see if I can come up with a good answer. All of us need to learn how to make decisions and to reflect upon them in order to *solve problems*. All families have problems, as you know, and each of us has problems of our very own to solve. As we grow up, we must learn how to solve these problems in the best way. Some are harder to solve than others. Just think of the problems of nations—of the whole world! But, the more we learn, the better we will be able to solve problems.

MARY: I just thought of something. I've learned some very good ideas already today—and school hasn't even started.

NARRATOR: Jimmy and Joe and Kate and Mary and the other children began sharing ideas about what the stranger had said. Then suddenly they realized he had disappeared. When the bell rang and they were all in the classroom, they told Miss Tannen, their teacher, all about the mysterious stranger. Miss Tannen asked:

MISS TANNEN: What was his name, children?

NARRATOR: But no one knew. The children described him as a man with grayish hair and eyeglasses, and that puzzled Miss Tannen.

MISS TANNEN: Well, what he *said* sounds like . . . Oh no, of course, it couldn't be . . . but that's what he *looked* like, too.

MARY: Who?

MISS TANNEN: It's really impossible, but you children have described John Dewey and what he believed in. John Dewey was a teacher, and a great thinker. He spent a lifetime studying. He studied other people, just like many scientists today all over the world study how people act and talk and think. John Dewey studied children, in school and out of school. He changed the way teachers think about how we learn. Going to school today is a more interesting and exciting experience because of John Dewey.

JOE: Gee, I wish he hadn't disappeared. I wish he could have come to talk to us in class.

MISS TANNEN: But you see, children, John Dewey was born in 1859, and he was a very old man when he died in 1952. Your mysterious stranger couldn't have been John Dewey—or could it?

NARRATOR: Or could it? I guess we will never solve that mystery. But whether the stranger was Dewey or not, he lives on—because his ideas are with us.

STRANGER: Whenever you are in the classroom, and whatever you are learning, you must build bridges between the ideas you are learning and real life. As you learn more and more ideas, you can make better choices. By playing family and learning more and more about the family, you can learn about the family you may have as a mother or a father in the future. When you work together with your classmates, you can learn how to build a better neighborhood, a better nation, a better world.

NARRATOR: All these ideas came from one man—John Dewey—who studied other people. You can be a specialist in studying other people when you grow up, too. Good-bye for today children.

Chapter 19: Looking Ahead

SPACESHIP EARTH

To discover that man's curiosity has no limit, the students can listen to the recording "Spaceship Earth." Afterward, use the following questions as a guide to discussion:

- Why didn't the spaceman ask the astronaut from earth any questions? (*Because he had no curiosity.*)
- What did the astronaut tell the spaceman that curiosity is? (*"It's what makes people always want to ask the question, 'Why?'"*)
- Why is curiosity important to all of us?

As a result of this activity, students should be able to prepare a list of five questions they would like to ask a visitor to earth from outer space and to then construct a play of their own about the encounter.

CAST: ANNOUNCER CDR. LEWIS
 LT. NORTH SPACEMAN

ANNOUNCER: We interrupt your regularly scheduled school lesson for a special news bulletin. The space center has just informed us that Astronauts Lewis and North have begun their descent in the landing module. This is the first time any man has landed on this far off planet. We're going to try now for a direct radio pick-up from the module.

NORTH: We're at 50 feet, 25 feet, 10 feet. We've touched down! We're here!

LEWIS: Smooth as a baby! Oh, boy! Great!

ANNOUNCER: Astronaut Lewis is scheduled to spend 30 minutes on the ground alone, while North stands by to monitor the space suit life systems. The ladder is now descending.

LEWIS: I can see the ground from here. It's quite rocky . . . yes . . . pebbles and small boulders. But the ladder was built with special legs for ground just like this. I'm on the first step . . . the second . . . the fifth . . . the ground is firm. Can you read me, North? It's tremendous. . . . We're further from home than any man has ever been . . . North!!! There's life here. Someone's coming. A . . . a man . . . no, no! Not a man. I can see him now. He looks like us, but without a spacesuit.

NORTH: I read you! I read you, Commander! Do you want me to come.

LEWIS: No! Your orders are to stay on board. He . . . it . . . is waving at me. Seems friendly. Nothing that looks like a weapon. He's coming closer . . .

SPACEMAN: You • are • here.

LEWIS: Greetings from the planet Earth. I bring you greetings from my home. We have explored

many planets in our spaceships but the human race has never met a man from another planet before now. This has never happened before in all our history. I am truly honored to be the first man to make contact with intelligent life outside our planet.

SPACEMAN: Yes • I • am • very • intelligent.

LEWIS: How is it that you speak my language when no one from earth has ever visited your planet?

SPACEMAN: I • am • not • speaking. I • am • just • thinking. You • can • hear • my • thoughts • and • I • can • hear • yours.

LEWIS: That's amazing! Can everyone on your planet do this?

SPACEMAN: I • do • not • know. I suppose so.

LEWIS: My name is Commander Stephen Lewis. What is your name?

SPACEMAN: I don't have a name.

LEWIS: No name? Why not?

SPACEMAN: We do not give ourselves names.

LEWIS: That must get very confusing. How many people live on your planet?

SPACEMAN: I don't know. No one has ever bothered to count them.

LEWIS: How are you governed? Do you have a king? Do you elect a leader?

SPACEMAN: We have a master. We obey his orders. He gives us food.

LEWIS: How did he become master?

SPACEMAN: I don't know. He just is.

LEWIS: Does it make you sad not to be your own master?

SPACEMAN: I do not understand your thought, sad.

LEWIS: Well, are you happy or content?

SPACEMAN: I do not understand that thought, either.

LEWIS: Well, what would happen if you wanted to be master, yourself?

SPACEMAN: I don't know.

LEWIS: What would happen if you didn't obey orders?

SPACEMAN: I don't know.

LEWIS: Don't you care about anything?

SPACEMAN: No, I don't.

LEWIS: You don't care? I don't understand you. We're the first two people from different planets who have ever met. Aren't you curious about us? Don't you have any curiosity at all?

SPACEMAN: Curiosity? No. I am not curious. I do not know what curiosity is.

LEWIS: Curiosity is . . . Well, it's . . . it's . . . it's what makes people always want to ask the question, "Why?". Why do flowers grow? Why do birds chirp? Why do the planets move? We see a mountain—we want to climb it. We see the moon in our sky—we want to fly there. We see your planet—and hundreds of men work to build the spaceship that brought me here.

SPACEMAN: You expected to find riches . . . or food . . . or medicines to make you live longer?

LEWIS: No. We didn't expect to find any of those things. We didn't know what to expect. That's why we came! Most of what we know, we learned because we're curious. We ask questions, find the

answers, and then try to use that knowledge.

You see, hundreds of years ago, a Polish astronomer, Nicholas Copernicus—

SPACEMAN: Nicholas Copernicus.

LEWIS: That's right. Copernicus challenged the old idea that the sun and the other planets revolved around the earth. He stated that the earth is *not* the center of the universe, but that the earth and the other planets revolve around the sun. And about one hundred years later, in Italy, a man named Galileo—

SPACEMAN: Galileo.

LEWIS: Right. He found that Copernicus's ideas were correct. But what Copernicus and Galileo had discovered made many people of that time angry.

SPACEMAN: Angry?

LEWIS: Yes, very angry and afraid. This was because the people *wanted* to believe that the earth was the center of the universe. But both Copernicus and Galileo wanted to know how things *really* were. And their curiosity led them to make their wonderful discoveries, just as it led an Englishman, Isaac Newton, to make other wonderful discoveries—

SPACEMAN: Isaac Newton.

LEWIS: Yes. Newton discovered laws of Nature which explain why things stand still, how they move, and how they change speed and direction. In short, his curiosity led him to discover how objects, like the spacecraft, can be launched into orbit, can move in space, and can land on this planet. These three men—

SPACEMAN: Copernicus, Galileo, Newton.

LEWIS: Yes. The three of them made it possible for my journey. If they had not been curious, I would not be here talking—excuse me, thinking—to you now.

SPACEMAN: And the lives of the people on earth will be better because you are now "thinking" to me. Is this correct?

LEWIS: Maybe yes, maybe no. I can't tell you what will happen because of our meeting, any more than Copernicus or Galileo or Newton could have told you what good would come of their discoveries. I am curious because I am a man.

SPACEMAN: I am also a man.

LEWIS: No. You're not a man. Oh, you look like a man, but you are really more like what we call a vegetable.

SPACEMAN: A vegetable?

LEWIS: Yes, you live and grow but you don't do anything. You don't change things. You don't want things to be different or make things happen. When you die—if you die—this planet will be just about the same as it was when you were born. That's because you have no curiosity about your world or about yourself.

SPACEMAN: That is true.

LEWIS: Because *you* don't care, there is nothing we can learn from *you*. Because *you* are not curious, there is nothing *you* can learn from *us*. It's too bad. If you were different, you and I could teach each other wonderful things. Instead, I might as well go back to my spaceship.

SPACEMAN: Good-bye.

NORTH: Wow! Commander. What was he like?

LEWIS: Lieutenant, this has been one of the most exciting—but also one of the most disappointing—days of my life.

NORTH: Why, sir?

LEWIS: Exciting, because we've found intelligent life on this planet. Disappointing, because this space creature has no curiosity.

NORTH: You mean, he wasn't even curious about where you came from, or how the two of us reached this planet?

LEWIS: No. He just doesn't seem to care.

NORTH: Commander, while you were talking, I made direct contact with the space center. Wouldn't you like to make a statement to them now?

LEWIS: Thanks, Lieutenant. I'm obliged to check with the space center. But I really want most to speak to everyone back on earth.

NORTH: Let me set it up. Here you are, sir. It's your mike now!

LEWIS: Men and women of Earth! Today is a tremendous and historic occasion. A human being has met a living being from another planet. I, Commander Lewis, am that human being. The space creature I met read my mind, and let me read his. I can only imagine what wonderful things he might be able to tell me or to do if he wanted to, but—he doesn't want to. I cannot learn from him, and he cannot learn from me. Why? Because he isn't curious—about anything!

As I think about this meeting, more than ever before I am proud to be a human being—to wonder, to be curious, to discover thoughts no one has ever thought before. I am proud to be one of you, from Earth.

We are all of us astronauts. You men and women of Earth are on a spaceship just as Lieutenant North and I are. Our spaceship is small. Yours, Spaceship Earth, is thousands of miles across, with millions of people on it. But we are both hurtling through space, hungry to learn.

I do not know what Lieutenant North and I will find on the rest of our journey. Perhaps we will meet other living beings on other planets. Perhaps we will not find anything new. But we will *find out*. Maybe you will discover new things while we are away. We'll want to know when we return to Spaceship Earth what you have done . . . what problems you've solved or tried to solve . . . what new questions you are asking about our earth and our universe.

I know you all wish us good luck in our search. And we wish *you* good luck in your search, men and women of Spaceship Earth.

NORTH: Ro-ger, over and out!

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